black hole eyes (won't gaze now)
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M/M, Multi

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僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia

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Angst, Angst with a Happy Ending, Hurt/Comfort, Suicide Attempt, Abuse, Time Travel, Time Quirk (My Hero Acadamia), Teen!Aizawa, Teen!Hizashi, Quirkless Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku Does Not Have One for All Quirk, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Protective Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Protective Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Parental Shuuzenji Chiyo | Recovery Girl, Midoriya Izuku Needs A Hug, im sorry for being so mean to izuku, I promise it gets better, no beta we die like men

Language:
English

Collections:
Moonlight and Cats, ☆ Little Red's BNHA Library ☆, Izuku doesn't need One for All, I love Quirked! Izuku(or just Izuku in general), Creative Chaos Discord Recs, BNHA BEST SHORT STORIES TO EVER GRACE THE INTERNET, BNHA Treasure Box, fics i wanna

hold hands with, No_ofa_roundhurrr, The best of mha on ao3, Lady's collection of PERFECT fics., Time travel fics that are good and worth the read, The Precious Broccoli Boi Can Be Scary, Finished Favs, my fav bnha fics :D, Fics that Prove Fanfic is an Art, BNHA Fics That Water My Crops and Clear My Skin, BNHA Rereadables 📔, NotSoSmallGhostBoys Recommended Fics, Completed Masterpieces Across Fandoms, Complete fics I want to read (Nightowls), Top Tier Reads To Munch On, soul healing comes from fanfiction, 🌱 Izuku and his emotional support dads □, Finished Fics, Izuku's Best (Unexpected) Parental Units, The Bard's Roost, my finished reads, Things to read, shitting and crying but in a good way, Finished, Quirkless, MHAfavorites, Flower Dragon's Garden, my skin is clear my crops are flourishing my grades are up and its because of these fics, Long_fics, ✧Chris's Best Izuku Fics✧, Needed, dope bnha fics, Worth It BNHA Fanfics Reading List - Completed, Finished Fics That Made Me Cry, jrmuffin's favorites, STO My Hero Academia - completed works, 👌□ good shit, StrayAmishFool's favorite one that I love, I simp., bnha fics I love, Leídos ^^, 📚 Fanfic Forum Discord Recs, Quality Fics, broccoli shit finished, Jupiter's MHA Library 🕮, Dadzawa fics that keep me ✧alive✧, isabella9792_readinglist, Re-read a thousand times, MHA dadzawa or dadmic and their zero-regrets family □, Posible future book binding, These fics emotionally wrecked me, Marmalade's MHA Mayhem ^_^, Fics to read again and again📚🌟, Vigilante!AU, (mostly) just some funky lil Izu fics, Izukuuu, HighReread Value, Blob, good shit, time-loops! time-loops! time-loops! (read like mulaney's mcdonald's chant), Worth Reading Again, Finished Quality Reads AlbinoNial, Tia's BNHA OGs and Good Reads, BEST MHA FICS TO EVER BE MADE 🧢, □Lux's fav fics□, Would enjoy as a podfic, Ace's Favorite FIcs, ❤□Cute❤□, Izuku □❤□, Favorites, Why Did You Read That Angst?!?! HERE'S SOME FLUFF YOU MORON, Moss's favorites, my favs :), Its a long list ok, Musutafu Times Best Seller List, MHA Fanfics, Fic's i read / like, Merlyn's Favorites, rereading these at 3am, mha angst, cute mha things, ⚡□My Hero Academia Works⚡□, fics that are superb

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black hole eyes (won't gaze now)

by daylightbreaks

Summary

"I don’t know what’s going to happen to you, but my quirk sends things to different points in the past. I can’t control when or where you’ll appear, but you’ll be there for a while… Please, convince somebody you’re from the future and get them to save your life at that time!"

OR: A quirkless Izuku takes Bakugou's 'advice' and takes a swan dive, only to be thrown 15 years into the past. He's still not sure if he wants to be saved, but there are two Pro Heroes in the making that might have something to say about that!

Notes

Hi everyone! This is my very first BNHA fic, so I hope you enjoy. Just a quick note, the story has heavy themes of suicide, depression, abuse, self-esteem issues, etc - so if that bothers you, please, don't feel like you have to read.

Also, this is a time travel fic set in a universe where Izuku doesn't receive OFA! Instead he gets thrown into the past and meets Teen!Aizawa and Teen!Hizashi.

Title of the fic is from the song "Everglow" by Starset - highly recommend it!!! I feel like it suits the fic very well.

Falling

Izuku Midoriya learned at the tender age of four that not all people were created equal. With tears in his eyes, he was told that he was quirkless - and it was like a stab to the heart. His mom, burdened with the thought that her son would never be able to be like his heroes, could only say 'I'm sorry.' Somehow, that stung him worse. For a while, he thought maybe a quirkless person *could* be a hero - but the knowledge that not even his mom believed he could weighed on his heart.

His childhood friend - though he could hardly call him that now - only drove that thought further in. Bakugou Katsuki was special. He was strong. He was always the leader. Everyone always praised him wherever he went, and Izuku's young mind could only figure that it was because of his powerful quirk. He proudly declared that he was going to surpass All Might one day, and that Izuku would be better off left in the dust, a useless, quirkless *Deku*.

Quirkless people can't be heroes.

And so it came to pass that Izuku Midoriya learned that being quirkless was the same as being a second-class citizen. Nobody batted an eyelash when it came to his existence. If they did, they coddled him - treated him like a baby, completely helpless.

Izuku Midoriya was far from helpless.

By age 5, his parents had gotten divorced. He wasn't sure why - *I'll tell you when you're older, sweetie,* his mom had said - but he felt like it was his fault. Maybe his dad didn't want anything to do with a quirkless child? He wasn't sure, but all he knew was that his mom didn't take it well. She became withdrawn, quiet, nervous, and distant, even from her own son.

It was hard on him at first, when he'd look at her with tears in his eyes and ask her why she didn't talk to him, but he grew to not ask any more. She never did, so why bother? He started his first journal then, just barely learning to write, talking about anything a child might. What happened at school, how good his writing was becoming, and what cool heroes were on TV. If he couldn't be one, well, he could at least look up to them.

One whole journal was filled with nothing but facts about All Might,

crude, child-like drawings adorning every other page. It was one of his most prized possessions, and when he got older, it would grow into a Hero Analysis study habit. He just couldn't help himself.

By age 6 he'd learned to cook for himself. He burned his hands a couple of times, but it wasn't anything he hadn't felt before. His mother cooked once a week, if that, but Izuku didn't mind. If it was the only way he could do something useful, he'd take it. His mother ate in her room and barely spoke. He hoped she was okay… he honestly couldn't tell any more.

It was like that a lot.

By age 7, when Izuku received his first long-lasting scar from Bakugou's quirk, he thinks to himself *if only I wasn't quirkless.* But the thought leaves as quickly as it comes, because the last thing he wants to be is helpless, so he endures it. He endures every remark and burn and lashing he receives, and his mom doesn't say a word except to drive him to the doctor's when it was something he can't take care of at home. It wasn't the only scar he received that year.

By age 8, Bakugou was a terror for him, always chasing him after school with his quirk activated. Bakugou wasn't the only one, either - other kids also seemed to beat him down at the blond's insistence. Izuku, at this time, began to wonder if it was what he deserved.

Is this what I get for being Quirkless?

Nobody bothered to stop it. The teachers all knew - they'd seen the burn marks and bandages and red, blistered skin, yet nobody said a word. Izuku assumed it was like this for every quirkless person. It was normal, because he wasn't normal. He was what everybody said he was - a quirkless, useless, freak of nature Deku.

This was just what he deserved, right?

By age 10, Izuku felt like he had more scars than skin. He couldn't stand looking at himself in the mirror. He knew what he was, what his place in the world was. It made him sick to think about his life outside of heroes, so every chance he got he threw himself into hero worship and analysis. He'd had so many notebooks filled, no longer the ramblings of a child but of somebody who'd learned to analyze a survival situation.

He'd had plenty of survival situations already.

At age 11, he discovers his new favorite hero: Eraserhead. He was hard to find any information on, being an underground hero, but he's fascinated by a man that essentially fights quirkless, one-on-one on an even playing field with his opponent. It instills in Izuku a hope he hadn't felt since he was a child, and he quickly consumes any and all media he can find related to Eraserhead. He has an entire book about him, now, too, right next to the one of All Might he made as a child. It's his for sure most prized possession.

Izuku finds himself doodling Eraserhead's goggles in class one day, and Bakugou has a field day with him. His words sting more than he thought they would.

"He can only fight evenly with his own quirk, you idiot! Stupid Deku! You're below anybody with a quirk, you can't fight anybody!"

Izuku silently cries himself to sleep for the first time in a long time, clutching his notebook of Eraserhead facts to his chest. He knew it, of course, but it was hard to find hope in anything as he got older and older. Nothing seemed worth it, and he wondered if even Eraserhead would look down on him like everybody else did. It hurt to think about, and his chest felt tight as his hopes were crushed again, and again, and again.

By age 14, Izuku Midoriya only felt empty. He understood why his mother was so quiet. It hurt too much to be anything else.

When All Might - one of his personal heroes - shows up in front of him, saves his life from a villain, all he can manage to ask is a single question: *"Can somebody who's quirkless be a hero?"* All Might's answer rips his heart out. If he felt empty before, it was nothing compared to the searing pain he felt down to his core. He shouldn't have expected anything else.

It's good to have a dream, but you need to consider what's realistic. I don't think you can be a hero today without a quirk.

Izuku wished he'd never asked.

Another year goes by, Izuku feeling just as empty. The day that Bakugou gets his acceptance letter to UA, he comes over just to brag and shove it in his face. To tell him just how *useless* he is, *shitty Deku.* Izuku doesn't need Bakugou to tell him what he already knows. He's holding his Eraserhead notebook, and when Bakugou spots it, the blond grabs it and incinerates it. He can't even manage to cry seeing the ashy pages break apart and flutter to the floor.

"*You should take a swan dive off the roof and pray for a quirk in your next life!"* he says, stomping away like he's had some great victory. Izuku agrees with him. Maybe it would be better.

At age 15, Izuku Midoriya stands on the edge of a rooftop, ready to fall.

He takes a breath and looks at the ground. *It's okay,* he thinks to himself, *Mom'll have it easier now. Everyone else will, too. Even me. I'm gonna be selfish, just this once.*

He takes a step forward and the ground's not underneath his feet any more. He feels weightless, he feels alive, his body thrumming with energy and hope for peace after he's gone. What Izuku doesn't expect is light, even before he hits the ground. A bright, white light, blinding him, and he's falling into it gracefully.

The next time he can register anything, it's the opposite, completely black. He's floating in some kind of void, feeling absolutely nothing around him. Silent, endless. He wonders if he's dead, but then a voice speaks to him.

I'm so sorry! I saw you falling and I had to use my quirk on you, you were going to kill yourself! I don't know what's going to happen to you, but my quirk sends things to different points in the past. I can't control when or where you'll appear, but you'll be there for a while… Please, convince somebody you're from the future and get them to save your life at that time! When your time in the past is up, you'll reappear where you left, in the middle of falling, so you really have to stress how important it is that they be there for you!

Also, don't let them mess with your life before you jump - it'll mess up your timeline, and then you wouldn't have ever been there in the first place! They can't change a single thing about your life before you jump, otherwise they'll forget you existed and you'll forget they existed. So just make sure you understand and that they understand. I kind of freaked out, so it may take longer for you to get back to your time… At least around a month or two on your end? I can't tell exactly, but you'll feel it pulling you about a day before you're due back!

Please don't let yourself die! You should live!

Izuku processes this, but doesn't say anything. Whoever this voice is - the owner of the quirk - stopped him from dying by sending him back in time? He supposed that's what the light was that he fell into, almost kind of embarrassed that somebody caught him trying to die. He

wonders if he could write about the time travel quirk in his new journal some time, but doesn't make an effort to think about it that hard. He'll be dead in a month, or at least he hoped so.

Good luck! The voice supplies, *Stay safe in the past, wherever you end up!*

Shouta Aizawa was a quiet, reserved - and, at least, outwardly appearing - sort of cold person. It didn't mean he didn't care, of course, quite the opposite in fact! He cared quite a lot, intense in everything he does, he's just better about keeping it under wraps. He figures that too many people knowing what he's feeling at any given time only gives them the advantage, and plus he's tired most of the time anyways. He likes people just fine, but he likes peace and quiet more.

Then when he attends U.A for the very first time, he meets Hizashi Yamada, the ever-loud and boisterous young man who seems determined to be a part of his life whether Shouta likes it or not. He doesn't mind, secretly, so he lets the loud man pester him as much as he wants. He finds that after his first month at U.A, he's found himself completely used to him. They even stay over at each other's apartments, sometimes, and Shouta feels normal, like the other students in his class. He never says anything, but he's grateful for Hizashi's presence.

He's comfortable in this routine at school, enjoying the peace that it affords while he studies to become a Pro Hero. He likes it this way, and so does Hizashi. He's going to turn 16 soon, excited for the start of his second year, and ready for the end of his first.

The *last* thing Shouta expects is, while walking home, a blindingly white, incandescent portal to explode open just above him. He reacts defensively, prepared for anything, when suddenly, a *boy* falls through it, and out of nothing more than pure adrenaline and reflexes, Shouta catches him. Hizashi stares, dumbfounded, looking between the boy and the portal as it fades out of existence. The boy is unconscious, still as death, but still breathing.

"Sh-Shouta! What the hell?! Who is that?!" Hizashi yells, and Shouta says 'shh!' in response, gesturing with his head to the boy's sleeping

form.

“I don’t know who he is, but he’s unconscious, and look at his arms.” Shouta whispers, gesturing with his head. His arms are scarred beyond anything he’s seen in his 15 years, and he knows in his heart that whoever this is isn’t evil. Hizashi seems to feel the same thing, and nods. They need to get this boy somewhere safe, wherever he came from.

They decide the best course of action, not knowing exactly the extent of the boy’s injuries, is to take him to Recovery Girl and the U.A staff for diagnoses. They only hoped the boy wasn’t on the verge of death, because something in Shouta’s chest tightens looking at the boy’s face. He had startlingly soft features, with fluffy, black-green hair and freckles like flecks of paint across his skin. Shouta feels the urge to wrap him in one of his sleeping bags and never let go.

He hopes the boy will be okay. So does Hizashi.

In a dreamless sleep, the boy hopes he isn’t.

Awake

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Izuku wakes up with one of the most painful headaches he's ever experienced. It feels like somebody's splitting his skull in two with a cleaver, and it somehow feels worse than being burned by Bakugou's explosions. His eyes flutter open, and the light feels like it's stabbing him in the corneas. He can hear voices and shuffling going on around him, but none of it's clear. He wonders if he survived his fall - maybe he's in the hospital?

No, he thinks, *nobody would care if some Quirkless kid died*.

"...can… me? … wake… time… fell…" He makes out somebody speaking, and it sounds like an old woman, but he can barely understand. He wants to go back to sleep.

"...awake?" A gentler, deep masculine voice this time. He could only make out one word, but the voice sounded genuinely concerned about whatever it was. Izuku closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, glad to feel that at least his lungs worked properly, even if his eyes and ears didn't. Whatever situation he was in, he'd just go back to the roof and try again later.

"Head… hurts…" Izuku grunts out, his voice hoarse. He tries to sit up in bed, but feels a strong hand gently push him down. "Hurts…"

"Lay down," the masculine voice says. He can hear him now. "Gently."

Izuku can't find it in him to protest. The hand is so warm, so gentle, and he finds himself internally craving the contact. He'd laugh at himself if he could, a Quirkless, touch-starved kid, huh? He doesn't deserve somebody so nice. The hand, however, moves to his shoulder and stays there. Izuku is grateful, even if he knows he doesn't deserve it.

"Can you hear me, young man?" The elderly woman's voice pipes up again. Izuku nods.

"Light hurts… don't wanna open my eyes…" He gets out. The old woman chuckles.

“I expect that it would! My, my what an interesting boy.” She says, though it’s meant in a good sort of way, not mean. “Do you remember anything, child? Or are you up for speaking with me right now?”

“Uh…” Izuku murmurs, unsure. “Maybe… for a little bit I’ll talk. I… haven’t forgotten anything, I don’t think I have amnesia…”

I’m so sorry! I used my quirk on you - a voice shoots through his head like a bullet, and the pain is nearly unbearable. Izuku grips the side of his head, softly whimpering, trying to be as quiet as possible. *Nobody wants to hear a Quirkless kid cry…*

“Are you alright?!” The masculine voice is back this time, and the hand that was on his shoulder now gently cradles the other side of his head. “Recovery Girl, maybe we should do this another time, he seems like he’s in a lot of pain.”

“Recovery… Girl…?” Izuku asks, straining to open his eyes again. The light’s less painful this time, though his headache definitely isn’t. He knows that name. She’s… the Nurse at U.A, right? The Youthful Heroine? He’s sure he has an entry on her in one of his journals, somewhere.

“Ah, you know who I am, then! That makes this much easier, but I agree with Aizawa-san, you should rest. For now, can you just tell us your name? That way we know how to address you the next time you should wake?” The elderly voice - presumably *the* Recovery Girl, which was exciting and terrifying at the same time - asked.

“I-Izuku… Izuku Midoriya…” He murmurs, and the hand that was cradling his head moves to ruffle his hair. He instinctively leans into it, the touch easing the pain in his head just a little.

“Get some sleep, Midoriya-san.” The masculine voice says, and it’s not a suggestion. Izuku only nods weakly, head tilted into the hand. He finds himself drifting off again, and in his dreams, all he can think about is the hand in his hair.

I don’t know what’s going to happen to you, but…

Please, convince somebody you’re from the future…

Otherwise they'll forget you existed…

Please don't let yourself die! You should live!

Izuku awakens with a start, his headache gone but a panic in his chest. He remembers. He remembers the quirk, what the person had told him, and it's terrifying. He tried to die, but nothing ever seemed to go right! He had no idea where he was, and now he was causing even more people trouble for appearing in their pasts.

Stupid, quirkless, useless! Couldn't even die properly! He chided himself, fuming in anger at his own failure. *I should've chosen a roof where there wasn't any people… then I wouldn't have upset that time travel quirk person…*

"Ah, you're awake, I see!" Recovery Girl's voice was warm and inviting, and Izuku blinked a few times before finally taking in his surroundings. He was in a hospital-like room, painted comforting, neutral colors that were easy on the eyes. He was in a hospital bed, too, with sensors taped to his head and chest, as well as an IV.

"Wh-Where am I?" Izuku asked, swallowing the anxiety building in his throat. He had a feeling he knew, given who was currently taking care of him, but he almost didn't want to hear it. He didn't want to know he was burdening a Pro Hero, burdening the school he could only dream of - not that he dreamed of much any more.

"You're in the U.A recovery rooms, dearie. Can you tell me what happened to you? One of the students brought you in, unconscious." She asked, and he did his best to sit up and look at her. Recovery Girl was old, short, but still cute in her own way, and she genuinely sounded like she worried for him. Izuku knew the worry would leave the second she found out he was quirkless.

"Ah… I…" he thought about what the voice had told him. Was he really back in the past? He needed to know that, first, before he rushed into anything stupid. "What time is it?"

"What time is it?" Recover Girl asked back, almost amused. "It's 8:32 in the morning."

"No, I mean… what's the date?" he pushed.

"July 15th." Recovery Girl smiled, but Izuku frowned. It was his

birthday. It definitely hadn't been when he jumped. He wondered what his birthday was like, if he'd even been born yet.

"What year?" he asked, and Recovery Girl's smile left her face. She sighed.

"So, you know you've been hit by a Time Travel quirk, then? The year…" Izuku blanched when she told him.

I'm 15 years in the past. I'm being born today.

"H-How… How did you know I time travelled too?" He asked, voice wavering. He couldn't believe it was actually true, that he was in the past and he'd be forced to stay there until the quirk wore off. *You'll feel it pulling you about a day before you're due back*! The quirk's owner had said, but he had no idea what they meant. Whenever it was over, he'd die. He'd fall to his death just like he'd planned. He took a breath, maybe it wouldn't be so bad to reflect for a while before he died. See what the world was like before he was old enough to understand.

"Well, there are certain signs. For one, the description from the student who brought you in implied either a teleportation quirk or some other quirk that could displace you. Then when we couldn't find any record of you in any databases, we knew something was wrong, so we brought in a specialist who knows how to diagnose what quirks were used on a person. He told me, and only me, that you had a time travel quirk used on you." Recovery Girl explained. "They're extremely volatile, and even the slightest change in your own timeline erases the existence of you, here and now. We've kept it under wraps for that reason."

"I… I see." was all Izuku could manage. It was so hard to wrap his head around. "Actually, I… I'm being born t-today. I'm 15 years in the p-past…"

"You…" Recover Girl looked aghast. "You travelled that far back?! No wonder you were in so much pain! The longest dip in time ever recorded was a month… this far exceeds anything we've had. I'm sorry, dear, but I need you to speak with some people about this. Is this your quirk? Did you use it on yourself? It could have massive consequences, you know."

"I…" Izuku's eyes fell, almost taking on a glazed, distant look. He didn't want to say it, but he knew it would come up eventually. "I didn't u-use it on myself. It wasn't used willingly, e-either. Somebody

else used their time-travel q-quirk on me without permission. I… I'm… I'm quirkless."

"Oh, dear, you must be so lost, then. Well, we definitely will need to look into this. Is there anything else you can tell me about the quirk? Did the person who used it on you talk to you about it first, even if it was unwilling?" She asked, and Izuku was taken aback. She made no comment about him being quirkless. It wasn't even a factor for her.

"The person… I never saw them. They used it without me even knowing what was going on. B-But before I appeared here, I was… somewhere in between? I could hear them talking to me, but I couldn't see them… Th-Their voice was so vague, I couldn't even tell you who it was if I heard them again. But they said they had no control over when or wh-where I'd appear. Just that I'd… go somewhere. They said I'd be here for… maybe a month or two? And then I'd feel myself being pulled back when it was time to go… A-And I'd reappear at the same time and place I'd left." He explained, but then something seemed to go off like a lightbulb.

"A-Ah! And they also said the same thing as you. Th-They knew it would have consequences if I h-had my timeline messed with. They told me to make sure anybody who knew I time travelled knew that too… so that I could get back s-safely." He said, fibbing only on the safely part. He knew what was going to happen when he returned, but it wasn't her business.

"So, it seems like they at least understand the nuances of their quirk. And they must create some sort of space to talk to you in before sending you off… interesting. Anything else? Were they doing this for a reason? Was it a villain?" She asked, and Izuku shook his head.

"No, not a villain. They seemed sorry for doing it, like it was an accident, o-or a reflex, maybe." He replied, laying his head on the pillow. "I-I'm sorry I can't t-tell you much else…"

"No worries, dearie, no worries. Now, the students who brought you in were quite worried for your wellbeing! Would you allow them to visit you if you're feeling up for it? I'm sure they'd be relieved to know you're doing alright, though I'd hold off on telling them about your situation. I think you should talk to our principal before any major decisions, too, he may have some advice." She smiled, and Izuku felt warmed in a way he hadn't since he was a child. Recovery Girl was genuinely concerned for his health, and not in a coddling way - even though he was quirkless? It almost didn't compute for him,

but he nodded anyways, tears in his eyes.

“Y-Yes, it’s okay for them to s-see me.” He sniffled. At the very least, Izuku wasn’t going to have the two students worry over a quirkless kid. They were probably Pro Heroes in his time, and it made his heart numb thinking about burdening them in their past.

“Alright then, dearie, I’ll make the arrangements. You just get all the rest you need.”

Shouta and Hizashi had an inkling of an idea what was going on when they were pulled aside by Recovery Girl after school that day, but when they heard that Izuku was awake, both of them nearly sprinted to the nurse’s office to see him. They both wanted to know that he was okay, something in their hearts insisting that he be looked after. Not that Recovery Girl couldn’t, of course, but they felt the need to do their own checkup.

“Midoriya-san!” Hizashi was the first one to burst into the room, nearly making Izuku jump out of his own skin. Shouta followed behind, quietly, face relaxing once he saw that the boy was indeed awake.

“U-U-Um… h-hello…” The boy’s voice was so quiet they barely heard him. Hizashi grinned, swiftly taking a seat by Izuku’s bedside.

“Hiya! I’m Hizashi Yamada, and you must be Midoriya-san, right? Shouta told me your name the other day!” He grinned. Izuku’s face turned a beet red, and Hizashi chuckled. “No need to be embarrassed! Just call me Hizashi. I’m glad you’re okay, though, you really scared the crap out of us, falling from the sky!”

“I-I, I’m really sorry about that… I-I didn’t mean it…” Izuku seemed to make himself smaller, almost shying away from Hizashi. Shouta came closer, putting a hand on the boy’s head, and he seemed to realize something. “You were… i-in my room when I first woke up… r-right?”

“Yeah.” Shouta replied gruffly. “It’s good that you’re awake. You fell out of the sky unconscious, so uh, I guess it’s normal to worry about your health. What was that, anyways? Some kind of quirk?”

“Yes… I-I got hit accidentally by somebody else’s teleportation quirk.” He smiled wearily, and Shouta could tell he was lying. Midoriya really wasn’t very good at it, it seemed. He wasn’t going to press the issue, though, what happened to him was his business.

“Whoa, that must’ve been a trip! I’m glad you’re alright, though, man!” Hizashi gave a grin and a thumbs up. “Where are you from, then? Your family must be worried sick about you!"

Izuku was silent, eyes cast down. He didn’t have anything to say to that. Shouta could tell he was uncomfortable with the question, so he ruffled the boy’s hair and changed the topic.

“You can tell us where you’re from another time. I still haven’t introduced myself yet. I’m Shouta Aizawa. Hizashi and I are both first-years here at U.A. What school do you go to?” He asked, hoping it was a better question. Izuku only shrunk further, and Shouta sighed. Clearly not the right thing to ask, then.

“Well. whatever the case, I’m glad you’re awake. Recovery Girl will take good care of you while you’re here, and then you can go home.” Shouta said, voice soft. Izuku’s face scrunched up, and they could tell he was about to cry. Hizashi scrambled for the box of tissues on the small end table by the bed, handing him some.

“I-I can’t… I can’t go home…” Izuku sobbed. “I-I’m not even supposed to be here…! I was s-supposed to… it should’ve been over…!”

Over? Shouta thought, *What was supposed to be over?*

Chapter End Notes

> Hope you guys like the fic so far! This was originally intended to be a fic with just Aizawa & Izuku, but it fit so much better with Hizashi that I couldn't help but include him. Now they're both gonna be a part of Izuku's stay, and I think it works. Hope you guys agree! Also, the funky timeline will be addressed and explained in later chapters, so don't worry if it's a little confusing atm.
>
> Reviews/comments/questions/etc are always welcome!!
>
> PS: anybody who says Aizawa Shouta isn't an inherently passionate and caring person can catch these hands, being less expressive doesn't mean shit!!

Stay

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Much of the rest of their visit had gone like that, Izuku getting worked up over the questions they asked and Shouta feeling like an idiot for saying the wrong thing. He knew it wasn't intentional, but he still couldn't help but feel bad for upsetting the kid. Well, that kid was technically the same age as him, but he just looked so startlingly young. His round face and big eyes didn't help, though Hizashi kept insisting it was adorable the next day in class.

Hizashi wouldn't shut up about Midoriya! It was all he could talk about, and it was starting to give Shouta a headache - *fluffy hair!* this, and *so cute!* that. Shouta could only sigh and shake his head, knowing that whatever Hizashi was hyperfixed on, he definitely wouldn't let go of.

"C'mon, Shouta! You gotta admit, it was pretty cool, him practically falling out of the sky into your arms! It's like it was meant to be!" Hizashi teased at lunch. Shouta shot the blond a glare.

"Whatever. We barely know him, and he can't go two minutes without bursting into tears." Shouta deadpanned, and Hizashi rolled his eyes.

"So what?! He went through a traumatic experience, I'm sure! It's to be expected. When he gets better, maybe you can get his number." Hizashi wiggled his eyebrows, and Shouta's eyes narrowed at him. He scoffed.

"Uh huh, sure. Because that's the normal thing to do in that situation. Hey, you just got over something horrible, wanna call me some time? That'll go great. Besides, it's clear *you* have a crush on him from how much you gush about him all day." Shouta grumbled. "Besides, I'm not interested in a relationship right now. Maybe not ever."

"Boo, you're no fun." Hizashi pouted. "That's your choice though, dude, I respect that. Are you still gonna go visit him after school every day, though? I think he enjoys the company, even if he does freak out a lot."

"I guess so. It feels like the right thing to do." Shouta said softly, burying his head in his arms, preparing to take a nap. "What about

you?"

"Heck yeah, of course I'm gonna visit! Midoriya-kun needs *somebody* to talk to besides Recovery Girl, or I think he'd go crazy." He said, and they both only nodded. They'd been in Recovery Girl's office before, and it felt like they were gonna explode with boredom the entire time. "You know, I wonder what he's gonna do. Summer break starts in a couple days, so he won't be able to stay here… his family still hasn't come and picked him up yet, either."

"I don't know." Was Shouta's curt reply, but he'd secretly been wondering the same thing. Midoriya had lied about being hit by a teleportation quirk, but he didn't know exactly what his situation was. Whatever the case, surely he'd have family or a guardian or something to come take care of him, right? Even though Shouta lived on his own, he still had his mother and father in a different prefecture who could come and get him if necessary. He hoped Midoriya had somebody in his life, anyways - being stuck in the U.A nurse's office for summer break would *suck*.

Izuku still laid in bed in the afternoon, his body recovering from the shock of travelling so far into the past. According to Recovery Girl, going beyond a certain time has negative effects on the body, like dehydration, vitamin and mineral deficiencies, and all sorts of various side effects like migraines and light sensitivity. He'd mostly gotten over the migraines in the past day or two, but Recovery Girl insisted that he heal slowly, as she didn't know how the Time Travel quirk had affected his body, if at all. She didn't want to risk using her own quirk on him, just in case it triggered some sort of reaction and hurt him.

"Hello!" A cheerful voice called, the door to Izuku's room opening. Inside, a sort of… mouse/bear/dog hybrid appeared, bubbly but with an undertone of dark secrets. Izuku's instincts said he couldn't lie to him if he tried, so he knew that being honest was the best bet. "I'm Principal Nedzu, the leader of this fine school! I was informed that we had somebody brought in by students, and Recovery Girl has informed me of your particular situation."

"O-Okay…" Izuku murmured, not sure what he should say. The principal only smiled at him, seemingly assessing him.

“Well, I can tell you weren’t lying about coming here unwillingly. Still, so far in the past… a curious thing, no? You must be quite nervous. I’m glad our students brought you here, however, so we can deal with the ramifications. Likely, whatever universe you came from is altered now, aside from your own timeline. Since you’ve appeared, our memories will be altered, we’ll know you…” the principal went on a tangent about time and space and how they would be affected. Normally Izuku would be fascinated, but right now he couldn’t muster up the energy no matter how hard he tried. He was just so exhausted.

“Sorry, sorry!” Nedzu stopped himself, “I do love to ramble, don’t I? Anyways, the long and short of it is that you should be fine. Most events are inflexible points in time, so you shouldn’t be able to do any real damage, even if you tell other people about your situation. That’s entirely your choice, though, if you wish to tell anybody. So long as you stay out of trouble, you should be fine - that means no interacting with yourself or your family, as that could cause a paradox. No interfering in major events, no matter how important they are to you! You could wipe out your own existence somehow, you never know how much of an impact you could have. Overall, I think if you have a quiet place to stay, you can go back home just fine in a month or two, just like the quirk user said.” Principal Nedzu explained. Izuku nodded, taking it all in.

“Alright… W-Well, I don’t really have a place to st-stay while I’m here…” he said softly, just as the door was opening to his room again. Shouta and Hizashi, the boys who had brought him in, had come in, not realizing he was speaking with somebody.

“Principal Nedzu!” Hizashi sounded surprised, “Sorry, didn’t know you were talking to Midoriya-kun, yo! We can leave if we’re interrupting.”

“Not at all, not at all!” Principal Nedzu smiled, a mischievous gleam in his eyes. “Actually, we were discussing Midoriya-san’s situation. Due to the effects of the quirk used on him, he’s unfortunately cut off from home for a while. He has nowhere to stay, so we were figuring out where he might go.”

“No way! That’s no good, huh?” Hizashi seemed to think, then a lightbulb popped up in his head. “Shouta! Why doesn’t he stay with you? You live by yourself in that giant apartment, you could both use some company!”

“I…” Shouta trailed off. “I don’t know. Maybe.”

“It’s o-okay, I don’t want t-to be a bother on a-anybody… I’m s-sure I can find my own w-way.” Izuku spoke up, resolute. “It’s only f-for a month or two, I-I can take care of m-myself for that long, I’m sure…”

“A month or two?” Shouta asked, eyebrows raising. “That’s a long time to be on your own. I mean, I don’t really cook much or anything, and I’m not very exciting company, so I feel like I’d be bothering you more than anything else… But if you really need somewhere to stay for that long, I don’t mind. It’s better than being on the street.”

“I…” Izuku bit his lower lip, worrying it between his teeth. “I don’t think y-you’d want me in your a-apartment… I’d j-just put a strain o-on you…”

“You really wouldn’t. It would be more of a strain knowing you were just by yourself for that long…” Shouta muttered. “It’s not very hero-like of me to just leave you be, I guess. So… y’know, you can stay with me.”

“Perfect!” Principal Nedzu chimed in, “Then I’ll mark Midoriya-san’s file as staying with you for the time being, Aizawa-san. I’ll be sure to have the school compensate you in order to alleviate any finance issues for the duration of his stay. Meanwhile, Midoriya-san, would you mind coming in once a week for exams to make sure the quirk has no other negative effects while you’re here? It would be an interesting study for us as well, if you’ll allow it.”

“I-I-I dunno if I can r-really be all that useful, but i-if you’ll have me… I guess I d-don’t have much of an option… A-And thank you, Aizawa-san… it’s very g-generous of you…” Izuku muttered, face turning red from a mix of shame and embarrassment. He felt horrible for burdening a U.A student like this, but he knew he couldn't do much. He would just wait to die when the time was up, not wanting to risk ruining their timelines. He was going to make everyone's lives easier, even if it meant suffering for another while. It would be better when he was gone.

"It's no big deal." Shouta said simply, shrugging like he didn't care either way. "I'll come get you when your stay in Recovery Girl's care is done."

"Sweet!" Hizashi grinned, giving a thumbs up. "I'll come visit you too, Midoriya-kun! We'll make sure you have an awesome summer break, even away from home! No sense in feeling all down because of something you can't control, dude!"

"Th-Thank you…" Izuku said, smiling weakly. Even he couldn't keep away from Hizashi's infectious smile and personality, it seems - and seeing Midoriya smile, even a little, relaxed Shouta and Hizashi both. It was good to know he had relaxed around them enough to not cry this time, though Shouta was determined to figure out exactly what happened at some point.

"Of course! Now, you just take it easy." Hizashi insisted. "I brought you some snacks! Hospital food sucks… Er, sorry Recovery Girl…"

"Ahaha, it's no problem. I'm glad Midoriya-san already has people looking after him." The older woman said. "As long as he gets his rest and doesn't stress himself out, he should be able to leave the day that summer break starts. You all should come get him after school."

"Perfect, perfect!" Principal Nedzu rubbed his paws together mischievously, like he knew something the others didn't. Then again, he looked like that often… none of the students really knew what went on in his mind. "Ah, and Midoriya-san, you might want to consider talking about your situation with Shouta if you'll be living with him, in case of any strange side effects of the quirk. Your departure might be sudden, after all. Well, Recovery Girl and I will take our leave and let Midoriya-san visit with his friends. Make sure you two get home on time, now."

"Bye, Principal Nedzu! Bye, Recovery Girl!" Hizashi waved as they made their way out of the door. He pulled some different convenience store snacks from his school bag, and offered them to Izuku, who shook his head.

"I-I'm okay… I'm not v-very hungry, but I appreciate the th-thought…" he said, to which Hizashi pouted. Izuku seemed to look at him, feeling bad for rejecting the blond, so he spoke again. "If you want to leave them on the t-table… I might eat some later…"

"Hah, nobody can resist your pout, Hizashi." Shouta snorted. "Except me, of course."

"That's just cause your soul is as black as the clothes you wear, dude. Seriously, you gotta lighten up your wardrobe some time!" Hizashi bickered, and Shouta just rolled his eyes. Watching them act like friends was interesting for Izuku, and it made his heart ache for something he knew he couldn't have. He knew he'd never have a life like they did; he'd resigned himself to his fate a long time ago. But it was still nice watching the two U.A students, pretending he could be a

part of their social circle. *They'll find out I'm quirkless eventually,* he thought, *but maybe it would be nice to pretend to be normal before I die…*

"Anyways, Midoriya-san, when you stay with me, just let me know if you need anything. You can let Hizashi know too, he's been over to my apartment plenty of times." Shouta explained. "Like I said, I don't cook much so I hope you don't mind a lot of simple foods…"

"O-Oh, I can cook! And clean! I-It's the least I can do for lending me a place to stay for so long, after all… Although, um… I-I'm not sure what I'm going to w-wear…" Izuku flushed. Shouta shrugged, then looked between them.

"Well, we're about the same size, so I guess you can borrow some of my clothes for now. If it bugs you I can take you to get something new with the money Principal Nedzu sends my way." Shouta suggested. "Knowing that guy, he's already thought of everything, so there's no reason to worry. If you really feel up to cooking, that's up to you, but I'm not gonna force you."

"Yeah! What Shouta said. Don't worry about it, just focus on getting better, right?" Hizashi smiled. Izuku smiled back, and for the first time in a long time, he felt like he could relax.

The day of Izuku's release from Recovery Girl's care came quickly, and Shouta pulled Hizashi aside to set some ground rules. He knew the blond wouldn't do anything too reckless, but sometimes he had a habit of doing things without realizing what was going on around him. He just wanted to be sure he respected Izuku's boundaries, because it was very obvious that he wasn't in the best place mentally, judging from how easily he became upset, and how little he seemed to want to talk about himself. They were standing outside of Izuku's room in Recovery Girl's office.

"Hizashi, just remember not to pressure him into talking about himself. He doesn't really like it. He should tell us about what happened if he wants to, even if Principal Nedzu thinks it's necessary. I don't wanna make either of our summer breaks uncomfortable." He said, putting his hands on Hizashi's shoulders for emphasis.

"Of course! You got it, Shouta. No personal talk. Just keep it fun." he

nodded firmly, and Shouta sighed, relieved he understood.

“Thank you. I knew you’d get it. Let’s go in.” He gestured, and they went inside. When they opened the door, they were met with Izuku sitting on the edge of the bed in a fresh pair of clothes, ones he hadn’t been wearing when he came in. He was wearing a plain, black tee with a pair of jeans, and a fresh pair of shoes. Principal Nedzu was also there with him, talking about something.

“... Just remember the rules, Midoriya-san. Those kinds of quirks aren’t very well understood yet. We don’t know what kind of ramifications it could have.” he said, almost stern. Izuku nodded quickly. Shouta and Hizashi felt like they’d intruded. What was he talking about? Rules? Ramifications of a quirk? Did it have to do with how Midoriya fell out of a portal?

“Of c-course, Principal Nedzu. Thank you very much… Ah! Aizawa-san, Yamada-san… y-you both came to get me?” Izuku smiled, and this time it seemed genuine. It was bright, beaming, and it melted both of the U.A student’s hearts like butter.

“Well,” Shouta coughed, turning his head to hide his embarrassment, “this guy never leaves. Sticks like gum on a shoe.”

“Hey! Mean, Shouta!” Hizashi pouted. Shouta rolled his eyes.

“Not mean if it’s true.” He responded. Hizashi only stuck out his tongue, then turned back to Izuku, faux-ignoring his friend.

“Anyways, call me Hizashi! No need for formality if we’re gonna be hanging out all summer break. Can I call you Izuku?” He asked, sticking out a hand to shake. Izuku stared at it like he didn’t know what to do with it, like it might just go for his throat or something.

“Um… I-Izuku is f-fine if you want…” he gulped, staring nervously as he reached for the hand. They shook softly, and as Hizashi let go, he made a mental note that even the palms of his hands were scarred - there wasn’t an inch of visible skin that didn’t have something marring it, though neither Shouta nor he ever brought it up. It wasn’t their place, and they knew it.

“Great!” Hizashi said, pushing down the urge to ask personal questions. “Izuku-kun, I can tell we’re gonna be awesome friends already, huh Shouta?”

“Ha, you make friends with everyone, Hizashi. You’re practically

contagious.” Shouta snorted. Hizashi gave a gasp of mock anger.

“Me? Contagious?! How dare you?!” He joked, but even at the fake anger in his voice, Izuku flinched. Shouta didn’t say anything, but Hizashi got the message. “Oh, sorry, Izuku-kun, I was just kidding. Don’t mind me.”

“S-Sorry… H-Habit…” Izuku murmured, holding his arms shyly.

Shouta could tell he was in for a long summer break.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 3 done! How does everyone like it so far? I personally feel like Aizawa was probably more talkative in high school, before he got into official Pro Hero work.

Also, I know it's mostly been third-person focused on Aizawa and Izuku, so I'm thinking of adding a later chapter more from Hizashi's perspective. Let me know what you guys think!

See you for the next chapter soon!

Confess

Chapter Notes

> Hey all, notes at the beginning this time, as just a warning: Izuku has a panic attack this chapter. It does have to do with the story, so it's necessary, but just keep it in mind as you read! If you need to skip, please don't push yourself to read it!
>
> As always, please let me know what you think of this chapter - and the story so far!

The first thing that Izuku noticed when he entered Shouta's apartment was that it was… surprisingly clean? With how much the black-haired teen slept (several naps had been taken in the chair by his bedside), he was surprised he got anything done at home at all. Yet there was something in his demeanor that the cleanliness made sense against - a serious, no-nonsense sort of expression that came off in his personality sometimes. Izuku, in all honesty, appreciated it like a breath of fresh air - it meant that no matter what he did, how useless he was being, at least he'd know exactly how Shouta was feeling.

It was different than Bakugou's loud and brash sort of honesty, where he wouldn't hesitate to burn somebody he didn't like. Shouta's was… well, different. He wasn't sure how to put it. And Hizashi, well, Izuku quickly learned that he was a verifiable burst of sunshine. Always happy, always excited, never offended, always bouncing back. No matter what happened, nothing seemed to faze him, like he was untouchable in his own sort of way. Unattainable almost, like he was the personification of the happiness, the sheer joy in living one's life that Izuku couldn't reach with his own scarred, two hands. He wished he could touch that happiness, now matter how many more scars he had to burn onto his palms to touch that sun.

They were polar opposites, yet Izuku couldn't imagine one without the other. He knew they were best friends, it was easy to see in the nature between them. He wondered who they were in his time, but he didn't know if it was alright to ask that sort of thing, especially considering he hadn't even told them his own story. He wasn't sure if he could, knowing how it was going to end. It was a strange feeling, facing one's own morality, inherently different from throwing oneself towards it like he had a few days ago. Was that even right? A few days for him, 15 years in the future for them. Even if he had told somebody, like the quirk user suggested, he wasn't sure they'd remember in 15 years. It

was a long time to wait for one quirkless kid on a roof.

It doesn't matter. Izuku told himself. *I'll be here for their summer break, and then I'll be dead. I'll be out of their hair, along with everyone else's. I just can't do anything to mess up their timelines. I'd be even worse than quirkless if I ever did something to ruin the career of a U.A student! A Pro Hero in the making!*

"Izuku." Shouta's gentle rumble of a voice pulled him from his thoughts. Right, the apartment. Izuku sure let his thoughts wander. "Here's the guest room. Make yourself at home. Hizashi's going to get take-out tonight, so don't even think about cooking."

He said it like he already knew Izuku was going to do it, whether he asked him to or not. Izuku probably would have.

"Okay. Thank you for your kindness, Aizawa-san. I know it's asking a lot-" *from a quirkless kid like me,* he bit off in his thoughts, "-and you didn't have to, so, thank you."

Izuku didn't stutter once, and he felt a strange sort of pride bubble in his chest at that. It was only around his mother, when he was younger, that he'd been able to keep his nerves down like that. It felt nice to be that calm again.

"Don't mention it. I told you it would make me feel worse knowing you were fending for yourself the entire break, so I guess you can see it as doing *me* a favor in this case, if it makes you feel any better." Shouta murmured, digging around in a hallway closet for something. He pulled out a pillow and blanket, and handed them to Izuku. "Here. For your bed. And listen, you don't have to call me Aizawa-san. Just Shouta is fine."

"Right, of course, thank you A… Shouta-san." Izuku bowed his head, taking the blankets gratefully. In his other hand, he clutched his backpack and bag of old clothes like a lifeline. He didn't know how they'd managed the 15-year jump, but he wasn't going to complain. It was some beacon of familiarity in an otherwise completely different life. He peered his head into the guest bedroom, where a futon had already been rolled out for him. There was a small table beside it, and a sliding door closet with nothing but another spare futon and pillow inside. Izuku gently placed the blanket and pillow he was given on top of the futon on the floor, and his backpack and change of clothes inside the closet, off in the corner and out of sight.

"Well, like I said, go ahead and make yourself at home. I'm going to

get changed out of my uniform, probably read a book or something until Hizashi gets here. Enjoy the quiet while it lasts." He laughed dryly, though it seemed more out of amusement than anything else. Izuku nodded, unsure what he should do, or was allowed to. If it were his own house…

"I'm home." No response. Shoes off at the door. Tend any wounds. Quietly sit at the table, finish the homework. Cook dinner. Eat. Leave out a portion for mom. (Maybe I'll see her. Maybe I'll be so lucky.) Clean up the mess. Go to my room. Watch Hero videos. Write down anything new I can find. (Maybe there's a new clip of Eraserhead?) Listen to Present Mic's radio show while I write. Shower. Go to bed at a reasonable hour. Wake up. Do it again.

It was always like that. Thinking about the stillness of his own house set Izuku's anxiety on fire with a blowtorch, so he settled on making his bed instead. Easy enough to focus on, but he wished he had Present Mic to listen to while he worked. Something about the Pro Hero's energy almost reminded him of Hizashi, a bright blur of a person improving anybody's mood.

When his bed was made, he sat there for a few minutes, staring at every detail in the room. It really wasn't his own, and even being here in the past still felt like some kind of fever dream. He wondered briefly what was going on back in his time, but his heart sunk to process that… nothing was. It wasn't his time any more. Even when it *would* be his time, he'd reappear the second after he left, still falling. He was holding up other people's lives, being here. Was he, technically? Izuku didn't know if that's how time worked with these quirks. Whatever the case, it still felt like he was doing the wrong thing any given second. He needed to get his mind off of things.

He felt that same itch of not knowing what to do, of the compulsion to be doing something, to feel *useful*. He decided that the least he could do was finish his homework. It wasn't very… helpful, he supposed, but it would make him feel normal at the very least. He went and got his backpack, fished around for a minute, and dug out a pencil and the sheets he'd been working on. It was simple math and English, the kind you'd expect from somebody entering high school, and the sheer normalcy of it was calming. He sat at the small table for a while, filling in the answers and doing the work.

When he was done, it seemed like a while had gone by, though not a very long time. Maybe an hour. Time was still weird. Izuku went to write his name at the top, and his mouth went dry. The date in the

corner stared back at him like a slap to the face. He really wasn't there in his own time anymore. He wasn't home. He was in the past, bothering two U.A students/Pro Heroes because a useless, *quirkless, Deku can't do anything right, stupid stupid, just go take a swan dive-*

A sharp intake of breath made him realize he'd dug his own nails into his palm, hard enough to break skin. He huffed, realizing that they were going to bleed, and cursed under his breath. Well, at least the homework was done. He had a first aid kit in his backpack, no big deal. He dug around again, only to realize - he didn't have it. Of course he didn't. The one day he wouldn't have brought it, he wouldn't have thought he would need it. He was supposed to be dead. What use would a first aid kit have been?

No, stupid, no, useless, can't do anything right, shitty Deku. He hoped Shouta had a first aid kit and wouldn't ask too many questions. Izuku didn't think he'd be able to take it. He gently padded outside of the room, looking around for Shouta, and found the teen lazing around on the couch in the living room, legs curled underneath himself and a book in his lap. He seemed so peaceful, and Izuku couldn't help but stare for just a moment, regardless of the blood on his palms or not - though he was subconsciously careful not to let any drip onto the floor.

Shouta was wearing a pair of black sweatpants, with a white tanktop that had a print of a cartoon kitten's head on it. His hair, long enough to just brush his shoulders, was still damp as if he'd taken shower, and he had a towel around his neck. His eyebrows seemed to be relaxed, finally, from their eternally scowling position. He looked so… gentle. Without even looking up, Shouta seemed to know he was there, though - he turned the page of his book and spoke up.

"Are you just gonna stand in the doorway?" he asked, nearly making Izuku jump. The green-haired boy let out something close to an 'eep!' before scurrying inside the living room like he'd offended somebody by existing. "What's up?"

"U-U-Um, Sh-Shouta-san, do you have a f-f-first aid kit?" he asked, almost quiet enough to be missed. Shouta looked up with a concerned expression and got up from his place on the couch, noticing how Izuku cradled his hands gently. Shouta pulled a small box from a bookshelf, and gestured with his head for Izuku to join him on the couch.

"It's o-okay, I can h-handle it, I don't want to t-trouble you-" Izuku's voice was cut off by a half glare from Shouta, and he swallowed

weakly. Shouta pointed to an empty spot on the couch.

“Sit.” he insisted. “I told you already, you’re not trouble.”

Izuku couldn’t find the power in him to protest. He simply sat down next to the other teen, who waited patiently, silently, to see what was wrong. When he finally willed up enough courage, Izuku unfurled his hands, stretching his arms out so Shouta could get a better look. Izuku turned his head, his face scrunching up like he was waiting for the other boy to rip his arms off. Instead, the black-haired teen simply took one of Izuku’s hands in his own, gently touching it. He didn’t say a word, and Izuku’s face relaxed, watching in reverence as Shouta treated his wounds.

He was gentle, touching his hands like he respected them, and Izuku stared blankly. He didn’t deserve for Shouta to be so gentle with him, like he was his friend - he’d been stupid enough to hurt himself in his house, and now was making Shouta care for his wounds. How could he? What right did he have? Shouta should be yelling, screaming, calling him everything Bakugou did - but there was nothing. Shouta cleaned the blood, applied a salve, and small bandages on the palms of his hands.

“Izuku...” Shouta started, like he wanted to ask what happened. When he was done, he simply sat, staring at Izuku’s hands held in his own. He wouldn’t ask what he’d done, he didn’t want Izuku bursting into tears, so he settled with: “Are you alright?”

“H… Huh?” Izuku looked at Shouta like’d just sprouted three heads, confused as all get-out. “I… I’m fine! You were very k-kind, taking care of m-m-my hands, I took up your r-reading time, so o-of course I’m okay!”

“I don’t see what that has to do with you being alright, but sure. As long as you’re okay.” Shouta nodded, packing the first aid kit back up. He put it back up, pulled his book back down from the shelf, and went right back to reading as if he’d never stopped in the first place. Izuku wanted him to say something, anything, tell him how useless and helpless he was - anything was better than the silence. It felt too normal, too real, too friendly, he didn’t deserve it, he wasn’t like them. He felt his skin crawl and burn with the desire to know *why* , itching until he couldn’t hold it in anymore, he had to know.

“Why… Why would you help me?” He blurted out before he could think about it. Shouta blinked, clearly not expecting the question.

“Didn’t I tell you a bunch of times already? It was better than thinking you were on the street, fending for yourself.” He replied simply, but Izuku shook his head.

“No… No… I mean… Why… why would you help *me?!* ” He asked again, the words coming out before he could stop them, like waterfalls from his mouth. There were tears in his eyes, and he said the next thing in a tone akin to admitting to murder. “I-I-I’m *q-quirkless*!”

Izuku’s hands flew to his mouth like he’d just committed the ultimate taboo, and he curled up, knees to chest, breath coming in heaving gasps. Shouta, realizing what was happening (Recovery Girl had briefed him on panic attacks before he left), quickly moved to Izuku’s side. Of course, at this time Hizashi chose to enter, take-out in hand.

“Yo, Shouta, Izuku-kun, I got-” he stopped as soon as he saw Shouta pulling a blanket over Izuku’s shoulders, gently putting a hand on his shoulder like he had at the hospital. He saw the breathing, the crying, and Hizashi registered what was going on as well. He quickly placed the food on the coffee table and kneeled on the floor by Izuku’s side, taking the other shoulder.

“Izuku, we’re here.” Hizashi said softly. He was better at the talking part than Shouta was, and the other teen was grateful for that. “It’s okay. You’re safe in here.”

Izuku looked like he wasn’t even registering what was going on around himself, and Hizashi paled, looking to Shouta for help.

“What happened, dude?” he asked quietly, to Shouta.

“I don’t know, he hurt himself, and I bandaged his hands, but then he asked me why I was helping him and said he was quirkless. I don’t know what happened to make him so upset…” he said, then slowly, “... though it did seem like him saying he was quirkless was the trigger for the panic attack.”

“Stupid, useless, quirkless, shitty Deku, stupid… ” Izuku muttered under his breath, and Hizashi’s eyes went wide. He looked to Shouta, who looked equally as shocked at what was coming out of Izuku’s mouth.

“Izuku, you’re here in Shouta’s apartment, it’s okay.” Hizashi tried his best to reassure him, rubbing small circles against his shoulder blades. “You’re not stupid, you’re not useless. You’re okay. You’re here.”

Izuku stilled completely at that, and then all of a sudden, collapsed

into a heaving, sobbing mess. He leaned against Hizashi, his entire body wracked with sobs. The blond did his best to hold him up. The boy was about as heavy as a wet noodle, of course, so it wasn't that hard. When Hizashi wrapped his arms around Izuku in a sort of hug, Izuku's hands clutched at his shirt and held on for dear life. It seemed to help, though, the reassurance that there were other people. Shouta also moved his hand to Izuku's hair, remembering how it had helped in the hospital.

"You're okay, Izuku." Shouta murmured. "You're not useless."

After he'd calmed down, Izuku was entirely silent the rest of the night, his eyes distant like he wasn't paying attention. He even ate without making noise, and it was extremely eerie, hearing just how quiet somebody could be while they ate. Hizashi insisted he stay the night in case of another emergency, and honestly, Shouta wasn't going to complain. Izuku still hadn't let go of Hizashi's shirt since the panic attack, but neither of them wanted to remove him.

"Izuku, it's getting late. Do you want to get some sleep?" Shouta asked, and Izuku finally managed a nod. "That's good. We'll take you to the guest room, come on."

Hizashi and Shouta both stood, Izuku following in tow. When they made their way inside, they saw his bag and homework on the table, almost managing a smile at something so normal. Izuku's fist finally unclenched, and he made his way silently towards the bed. Hizashi followed, and as Izuku laid down, he helped tuck him in. Shouta watched the strangely domestic sort of scene with a weary heart, worried so much for the green-haired boy. This was the sort of situation Heroes didn't deal with on TV - day to day, recurring problems, like Izuku had. Helping him through it was suddenly so much more valuable to Shouta than any Hero he'd ever seen in videos.

When Hizashi moved to leave, however, Izuku made a small noise, a flicker going through his eyes as his hand reached out to him.

"P-Please… Please stay…" he said, voice crackling. Hizashi didn't have the heart to say no. Instead, Shouta moved to the closet and set up the other futon for his friend. Hizashi made up the bed and looked down to Izuku, who was watching him with those emerald eyes.

“Hey, Izuku-kun, I’m just gonna talk to Shouta for a minute, okay? I’ll be right back, I promise. I’ll be right outside the door if you need me.” Hizashi pointed. Izuku nodded, his eyes returning to the distant look they had earlier. The two other teens stepped out of the room, shutting the door, and Hizashi let out a breath.

“Oh my god.” Shouta tilted his head back, pinching the bridge of his nose. “I didn’t think he’d have a panic attack an hour after getting to my apartment.”

“It’s all new for him, yo, and we have no idea what happened before he got here. I don’t think Recovery Girl or Principal Nedzu knew how bad it was going to be, or else they wouldn’t have sent him home with you. This is, like, next-level messed up, Shouta. Did you hear how he was talking to himself?” Hizashi asked quietly. Shouta nodded.

“Yeah. I heard. But I don’t care. I’m going to take care of him.” Shouta said, firmly. Hizashi gave a halfhearted chuckle. “What? I couldn’t call myself a Hero, even an underground one, if I left him now. Heroes always go for the flashy stuff, defeating villains and helping with natural disasters. But what about the people who suffer every day? Who’s their heroes? You saw how he clung to you, Hizashi, he wasn’t like that with Nedzu or Recovery Girl. I think it’s better to stay with the people he’s comfortable with.”

“Hah,” Hizashi laughed a little, “you always talk about how much you hate the flashy heroes and being the center of attention, but here you are, talking all big. I agree with you, but it’ll be really tough. He’s really messed up, Shouta. You ready to deal with all of that?”

“Of course I am.” He said firmly. He wasn’t budging. “I’ll make sure his stay here is the best he can get. Can I be selfish and ask for your help?”

“You were gonna get my help anyways, dude! I’ll have to talk with my family about it, but I’m sure that if they understand the situation, then they’ll be fine with me staying here as much as possible. That is, if you don’t mind me being in your apartment all summer, haha.” Hizashi said, and Shouta seemed relieved by it.

“Thank you, Hizashi. You’re welcome for the whole break, just like Izuku. But we’ll figure out the details later, right now we should focus on him.” Shouta gestured to the door with his head. Hizashi nodded, and the blond took his place back at Izuku’s side.

“Hizashi… san…” Izuku murmured sleepily, hand outstretched as if

for a handshake. Hizashi grasped it, laying down next to him. Just the simple amount of human contact had Izuku out like a light, and Hizashi felt his heart melt.

Maybe, just maybe, he and Shouta could pull this off.

Wash

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next morning, Izuku woke up to the smell of breakfast and an empty room. The realization that he'd had a panic attack and admitted he was quirkless washed over him, and he felt sick to his stomach. He couldn't believe he'd said it like that, and then of all things, Hizashi and Shouta had been so… gentle. So patient, so quiet… they were *there*. In a way nobody in his life had ever been. They had said things he only wished somebody had said to him years ago.

You're not useless.

Izuku's heart ached to hear those words again, but it was too much for him to ask for. Right now, he would just take things as they came. One day at a time, until he could get back to his own time. Anything from Shouta or Hizashi would be welcome, whether it was quiet dismissal now that they knew, or even pretending they'd never heard him say it. He could only wish for such a thing.

On the floor in front of his futon was a change of clothes and a towel, as well as a note written on top. Izuku picked it up, finding neat, almost formal handwriting.

Izuku, here are some clothes for you. The bathroom is down the hallway and to the left if you'd like a shower. Please don't hesitate to ask if you need anything; Hizashi and I are both still here. If you'd like to talk, that is your choice. If not, then that's fine as well. Just take your time and make yourself at home, like I said before.

- Shouta.

It was so simple and to-the-point, but the undercurrent was that they knew. They *knew*, and they *acknowledged* that he was quirkless, and they weren't kicking him out. Izuku clutched the note to his chest, a silent gesture of thankfulness he'd never be able to repay.

Izuku did decide to take the shower, if only because he felt the need to thoroughly clean himself for the first time since his stay with Recovery Girl. It felt more refreshing than he'd expected, and was surprised to see that even bath products had been left out for him. When he made his way out into the living room, he now had on a pair of colorful lounge pants and an oversized tee that had another cartoon cat on it. He supposed it was Shouta's, then.

"H… Hello…" Izuku mumbled, seeing that from the kitchen, Hizashi and Shouta were bickering bout breakfast. Or, at least it sounded like it was about breakfast, Izuku wasn't sure. At the sound of his voice, though, they both turned and smiled, and Hizashi bounded over, still the ever-present ray of sunlight.

"Hey, hey Izuku-kun! Good to see you up and about! Want some food? Shouta tried his best, but I think it's a little burnt… well, it's still edible, anyways!" He joked. Izuku smelled the food, and nodded, immediately his stomach fired up. "Looks like we got a taker!"

"Ah, here." Shouta put a few plates on the table. The food, while simple (Shouta had said as much, anyways, and Izuku would *never* dare to complain) still looked great. He wasn't a terrible cook at all, and Izuku felt warmed and excited at the prospect of eating with other people. He hadn't eaten with his mom properly in a long time, so even if they were silent the entire time Izuku was grateful. Last night was an exception, of course, given he was entirely out of it. He hated the fact that he wasted his first meal with them like that, and the shame of it burned like coals in his stomach. Nevertheless, Izuku was determined, now, not to make a fool of himself, and have a normal meal at the table. He was *not* going to panic, and he wouldn't ruin their meal again.

"Th-Thank you." he said softly, taking a seat. He was joined by Hizashi, and then Shouta, after they finished cleaning up the cooking mess. They said a quiet 'itadakimasu' and then started eating. Izuku's eating was shy, but he wasn't eerily quiet like he had been last time, and it was much better for the other two.

"So, Izuku," Hizashi began, slowly, after finishing a bite, "I wanna know something new about you, but I know you don't like talking about yourself, so I was hoping you could tell me something

interesting! Whatever you like, just something about yourself."

Izuku tensed. He'd been expecting questions, but he thought they'd mostly be about his lack of a quirk, not just… get-to-know-you stuff like they did at the beginning of school years. He could do this, though. He wouldn't let them down. There was really only one thing he found interesting about himself, so he supposed it was all he could say.

"I… like heroes." he mumbled, face red. Hizashi grinned widely.

"Heck, me too! Shouta and I wanna be Pro Heroes! Although this guy wants to be an underground hero, so, y'know. Mr. Fun Police over here." Hizashi stuck out his tongue at Shouta, who only sighed. "Which heroes do you like?"

"A-All Might…" Izuku said, his skin complexion slowly becoming closer to that of a tomato. He'd never just casually talked to people about his hobbies before, not without Bakugou exploding in his face. "He's r-really cool…"

"Everyone loves that guy!" Hizashi beamed. "He's the Symbol of Peace, after all! I don't think there's anybody that doesn't. Who else, who else?"

"U-Umm…" Izuku thought about Eraserhead, but he knew that the time he was in was likely Eraserhead's high school years - so probably, they'd never heard of him, since he didn't exist yet. "Some other ones, I dunno…"

"Well, that's pretty cool, Izuku-kun! Now I know something about you, why don't we tell you stuff about us? Anything you wanna know?" Hizashi asked, leaning forward. Izuku thought about it for a second, and then he thought of something.

"Can I hear about y-your… Your quirks? I like a-analyzing them…" he said, eyes wide with hope. Seeing that look on his face, they couldn't tell him no.

"Sure thing! Mine's an Emitter-type quirk that I call Voice! Basically I just yell really loud and bust some eardrums." Hizashi grinned smugly, and Shouta seemed to get a kick out of it, actually laughing a bit. Izuku hadn't heard his laugh before, and it was almost endearing.

"And mine's also an Emitter-type. Erasure. I can stop other people's quirks by looking at them. Not super flashy, but good for underground

hero work." He shrugged. Izuku froze. Voice? Erasure? He… he knew those quirks.

"Y-Y-Y-Y-You're…!" His eyes went wide, in awe like he'd just discovered the meaning of life. So then, these two were some of his favorite Pro Heroes, and he was just… staying in Eraserhead's apartment?! Wearing his clothes?! Present Mic had held his hand?! As he realized this and seemed to be processing it, he paled. "I…"

"Izuku? Everything alright?" Hizashi asked, looking a little confused seeing him go from awestruck to blanched in a matter of seconds. Izuku's eyebrows scrunched and he started muttering to himself, thinking intensely. He didn't seem to be having a panic attack, though, which was good - now they just had to figure out what the heck was going on this time.

"If they're… then I'm… but the rules said… what if I do something to…" Izuku muttered and muttered, paying no mind to the other two at the table any more. Shouta and Hizashi only seemed to catch bits and words, not really able to make anything out completely. Eventually, the muttering slowed down, and Izuku took a breath. "Ah, sorry, I-I… I didn't mean to g-go off on a tangent like th-that…!"

"It's alright." Shouta murmured, taking another bite of his food. "What were you thinking about? Seemed important."

"Important…?" Izuku's fists clenched, white-knuckled. "Y-Yeah… I guess so… b-but that's okay! I just realized s-something is all, but it's n-not that big of a d-deal."

"Okay. If you say so." Shouta said simply, and it wasn't a sarcastic sort of remark. It was normal, almost serious, as if to say *if you say so, then I believe you*. Izuku smiled again at that, and instantly the room felt light again.

"Thank you, Shouta-san."

After breakfast was finished, Izuku realized how late he'd slept. It was the most peaceful sleep he'd had in a long time, somehow unconsciously comforted by Hizashi's presence in the room. He still felt the need to do something, though - on summer breaks at home,

he'd spend the entire time cleaning and analyzing quirks, but he didn't want to overstep boundaries here.

Hizashi had gone home in the afternoon, stating that he'd be back tomorrow after a talk with his family, so it just left Shouta and Izuku at the apartment. He didn't mind the space, it honestly felt roomier than the one he and his mother stayed in - but the burning itch to feel useful was crawling over his skin and making his scars tingle. Shouta was on the couch, reading again, and Izuku was cleaning up his mess of homework from the day before.

Cleaning gave him some relief, but it didn't feel like it was enough. He considered asking Shouta if he could clean something else in his apartment, but it already was fairly well-kept aside from a couple of things here and there. The other thing he wanted to do was watch Shouta use his quirk, see "Eraserhead" in action before he was actually known as Eraserhead. Had they even picked their hero names yet? Izuku felt so strange, being out of his own time. He wasn't sure how close to the line he could toe without drastically changing things. The fanboy in him screamed to get more information on an otherwise virtually unsighted hero. Only one clip of Eraserhead had ever surfaced, and it was so blurry and shaky you could hardly tell what was going on.

The other, more self-conscious side of himself told him absolutely *not*.

So, cleaning it was. He just had to ask. It was like payment for staying here anyways, right?

"Sh-Shouta-san…" Izuku mumbled, again standing quietly in the entryway to the living room. Shouta's eyes rose from the book in his lap, silently asking him to continue. "I w-was wondering if… U-Um… If there's anything I-I could c-clean… for you…"

"Clean?" Shouta rose an eyebrow curiously. "I said before you don't have to worry about that kind of stuff. You're welcome to read a book or watch T.V, or if you need anything else, you know, I can go get it."

"N-No, I…" Izuku fidgeted, almost embarrassed to say anything at this point. "It's j-just that… At my house, c-cleaning helps me r-relax… It gets my m-mind to stop th-thinking for a while, which is… nice."

"Oh." Shouta said, getting up from his place at the couch. "Well, if it's something you really want to do, I suppose it couldn't hurt anything. Just so long as you're not doing it because you feel like you have to or something."

“N-not at all! I want to.” Izuku insisted. Shouta put his book back on the shelf and then turned to Izuku, mouth drawn into a thin line like he was thinking.

“Well, can I make a request of you in return, then?” Shouta asked. “I know I said I wouldn’t press on the issue, but I really want to know something.”

“Of course.” Izuku steeled himself for whatever question was coming. It was only fair of him to want answers, it *was* his apartment and his hospitality he was living off of. The urge to do something overrode his anxiety and self conscious thoughts, anyways. “W-Whatever you want to know, I-I’ll do my best to answer.”

“Why were you so upset yesterday after telling me you were quirkless? I don’t understand why something like that would be so upsetting. I just wanted to see if I *could* understand, that’s all.” Shouta stuffed his hands in his sweatpants pockets, staring at Izuku softly through his bangs.

“Why it would be upsetting?” Izuku asked, worrying his lip again. His expression was something between anger and loathing. “B-Because… quirkless people a-aren’t any good. Th-They don’t do a-anything. Can’t *be* anything. They’re… *I’m*… u-useless. I… I don’t know wh-why you let me stay after I t-told you… I just thought you’d… I-I don’t know. Anyways, that’s why I k-kinda freaked out… I-I’m sorry. I know it’s a sh-shameful thing… And I l-lied to you…”

Shouta seemed to take all of this in, choosing his words carefully before he spoke.

“You didn’t lie to me, Izuku. Neither Hizashi or I ever asked about your quirk status, so there was nothing *to* lie about. It’s not shameful, and you’re not useless. I have no idea who put that kind of notion about quirkless people in your head, but we don’t care. Quirkless or not, you still needed a place to stay. I wouldn’t turn somebody out to live on the street if I could help it.” Shouta explained, walking over to the sink. He got some cleaning supplies out, and handed them to Izuku, arm outstretched. “Here. I said you could clean after you answered my question. I dunno what you’d want to clean, but whatever.”

Izuku felt almost lightheaded hearing Shouta - *Eraserhead in the future* - tell him that he didn’t care if he was quirkless or not. That he would’ve done the same for everyone, implying that Izuku was… on

the same level as him and everyone else with a quirk. It felt surreal, almost like a dream, and he found himself taking the cleaning supplies without a second thought.

And if he spent the rest of the afternoon meticulously scrubbing the apartment top to bottom with a dumbstruck smile on his face, then that was his and Shouta’s secret to keep.

Chapter End Notes

> Izuku is a happy boi for once!!!! Shouta doesn't know it yet but he would die for that green bean's smile
>
> Sorry for a shorter chapter this time, I hope you all like it anyways - and oh my gosh!!!! This story has over 100 kudos and nearly 900 hits?!?! What the heck, I feel so loved in the club tonight
>
> Next chapter is going to be tooth-rotting fluff before we move back to the angst, I hope you guys look forward to it!

Normal

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next two days were spent much the same, Izuku quietly scrubbing away in some corner of the apartment with a happy look on his face. Hizashi had come back after a couple of days, too, after having explained things to his own family. They'd given him permission to stay at Shouta's apartment as long as he liked over the break, wishing Izuku a wonderful stay and recovery. Hizashi said he'd go home sometimes, of course, to do laundry and get things - and his parents promised to send him back with food for Shouta and Izuku when he returned.

It was near the end of his first week with them when Principal Nedzu had given them a call, asking for Izuku to come in for his first checkup. He informed Shouta he'd provide the necessary compensation for Izuku's stay then, too. They'd all agreed to go with, needing a breath of fresh air - and afterwards, they'd go shopping for some clothes for Izuku.

So on that Friday, Izuku sat, this time in Principal Nedzu's office, with Recovery Girl being present as well. Hizashi and Shouta were forced to wait outside, much to their chagrin.

"Well, well, Midoriya-san, how are you feeling?" Nedzu asked, smiling at him. Izuku sat in a soft lounge chair, picking at the hem of his shirt nervously.

"I-I'm doing well. Shouta-san is very kind… Hizashi-san as well… they're making my stay in this time very welcoming." He said shyly. Nedzu chuckled, and Recovery Girl looked relieved to hear that he was having a decent time so far.

"Wonderful to hear! We haven't noticed any unusual fluctuations in energy since your appearance, so it seems you haven't done anything to drastically alter the timeline. Like I said, most things are fixed points in time, so it's difficult to do any real damage unless you're specifically trying to. The only thing that will have been changed is our memories of you, so it may be a bit jarring for those two if they see you in the future, you know." Nedzu said, a knowing look on his face. Izuku flushed with embarrassment.

“You… how did you know I h-haven’t told them yet?” he squeaked out. Nedzu laughed, mirthful and not malicious.

“It’s fairly obvious if you look for the signs. I would tell them if I were you, Midoriya-san. It would make things complicated later if you didn’t.” Nedzu gave him a firm look, and Izuku just about shrunk in his seat.

“It…” Izuku swallowed the lump in his throat, thinking about his circumstances back in his own time. It wouldn’t matter if they knew or not once he got back. His expression fell to a somber one. “I don’t think it will be… a-as complicated as you think. I don’t know i-if I want to tell them.”

“Well, in the end, it’s entirely up to you, Midoriya-san.” Nedzu’s voice turned to a gentle tone. “Complication talk aside, how have you been feeling physically? Have you experienced any strange side effects or difficulties due to the time travel quirk?”

“N-None that I can think of. I haven’t had any migraines or l-light sensitivity since I left.” Izuku replied.

“Glad to hear it, dearie! Now, here, take some gummies and let me check your vitals, just in case.” Recovery Girl passed Izuku a handful of what looked to be vitamin gummies. He ate them quietly, letting the nurse do her checkup. It went normally, and everything seemed to be in good health, except for *one* thing.

“Midoriya-san.” Recovery Girl said, tone now serious. “I’m not going to force you to answer, however it’s my duty to ask this question. Your arms are quite severely scarred from what I can see. How did you get those?”

“My arms.” Izuku’s mouth pursed, his expression unreadable. What came out next almost sounded like he was reading from a script. “I get hurt a lot where I’m from. I’m really clumsy, and since I’m quirkless it hurts more. That’s all.”

“I see.” Recovery Girl’s voice was as firm as his was. She knew rote repetition when she heard it, and it only confirmed her suspicions. “Well, regardless, I simply wanted to ask. Thank you, you’ve got a clean bill of health from me. Same time next week, yes, dear?”

“Of course.” Izuku said softly. He’d been through those questions plenty of times before. He knew what they meant, and he knew that they knew. Nothing he or they could do about it anyways, not without

messing up his timeline.

“Alright, Midoriya-san, I will walk you out. Thank you for your time. Next week, I’d like to talk about the quirk more in-depth, but for now, this is fine.” Nedzu said, his knowing sort of smile returning. “I’m sure your friends are eager to see you.”

Nedzu led Izuku to the waiting room, where Shouta was napping in a chair, and Hizashi was texting on his phone. When Hizashi saw Izuku coming out, he shook Shouta awake and the two stood to meet him.

“Hey, how’d everything go?” Hizashi asked. “Still not sure what Principal Nedzu here wants with you, but if he’s taken interest it must be pretty big!”

“Ah, um, yeah…” Izuku shoved his hands in his pockets. “I guess so.”

“Well, you ready to tackle the rest of the day, Izuku-kun?!” Hizashi beamed, and Izuku couldn’t help but smile and nod at that. “Great! We’re gonna find you some cool clothes for you, dude. No more of Shouta’s weird cat clothes.”

“Hey!” Shouta grumbled, “Cats are cool.”

“In any case, Aizawa-san, here is the coverage for Midoriya-san’s stay.” Nedzu pulled an envelope from his suit pocket, passing it to the black haired teen. Shouta opened it, and then went white at the contents.

“This is too much!” he balked, “This is like an entire year’s worth of rent!”

“I assure you, it’s not too much at all. It should cover all of Midoriya-san’s clothes, food, expenses, and any other outings you desire. It’s not my place to give the extent, but Midoriya-san has been through an ordeal and we here at U.A would like you two to help make the most of his stay. That includes having fun, you know.” Nedzu gave a calming smile to Izuku, then a menacing one to Shouta and Hizashi. “If he wishes to discuss his circumstances, that is his choice. What is *not* a choice, however, is making sure he’s taken care of. I will not hesitate to remove him from your care should I sense anything strange during our meetings. I trust I make myself clear?”

“Yes, sir,” Shouta and Hizashi gulped. Principal Nedzu was terrifying when he was worried for somebody’s wellbeing…

“Well, then, off you three go! Have a pleasant day!” he chirped, and that was that.

Hizashi and Shouta took Izuku to a bunch of different shops, but stayed away from the busier ones since they noticed he didn’t do well in crowds. They tried on all sorts of clothes, and eventually settled on a few different outfits to wear. Izuku tended to lean towards plain clothes, and though he hadn’t complained about what he was given before, he had a definite predilection towards covering his arms. Even though it was hot and in the middle of summertime, Izuku very clearly was uncomfortable with his scars being shown in a public setting. They didn’t begrudge him on it, of course, but they wanted his health to be kept in mind - so they compromised with arm covers and short sleeve shirts.

Izuku was also quiet for the first few shops, though he didn’t seem on the verge of a panic attack like he was at first at Shouta’s apartment. They hadn’t bought much, since Izuku was always reluctant to actually point out anything specific he liked. By the fourth one, though, he finally saw something that caught his eye. He didn’t say a word, but by the gleam of awe in his eyes, Hizashi could tell he wanted something.

“Whatcha looking at, Izuku-kun?” He asked, and Izuku pointed to a hoodie on display in one of the windows. It was mint green and had the word “STAR” printed on the chest in bold, English lettering. The hood and sleeves were black, with white constellations on them. His eyes sparkled looking at that hoodie, and Hizashi was suddenly a man on a mission.

“Shouta, come here!” Hizashi tugged on his friend’s arm, and then led both him and Izuku into the shop. He looked around for a minute, and spotted some things that were part of whatever plan he was thinking up. He ran through the store scooping up different items of clothing, and eventually came back to hand them all to Midoriya, hoodie included. “Here, here! Try these on!”

Izuku looked a little confused, but did as he was told and went to the changing room. He was a little nervous, but Izuku knew that Hizashi knew more about fashion than he did. Shouta had flat-out admitted that he knew nothing about clothes and only picked stuff that was

comfortable or had cats on the design, so that left all fashion choices up to the blond (and Izuku's tastes). He began changing, realizing quickly just how much Hizashi had picked out - an entire outfit, right down to the shoes and accessories. When Izuku emerged, he wore the oversized "STAR" hoodie with black, ripped jeans. His shoes were mint green hi-tops apparently from the same line as the hoodie, having little constellation designs on them as well. The hoodie sleeves were pushed up slightly, just enough to show rubber bracelets with different hero designs on them.

Hizashi had a shit-eating grin plastered on his face and Shouta was actually *blushing*.

"I told you he was adorable, Shouta!" Hizashi exclaimed proudly, making Izuku's entire face turn red. He stuttered and began to mumble incoherently, looking down to the floor.

"I-I-I've never worn anything like this b-before…" he mumbled, voice crackling, "so I was r-really nervous to try it on, and I h-hope it looks good…"

"You look super cool!" Hizashi gushed. "We're definitely buying this one!"

"And you're s-sure that the money is okay being used on… clothes?" Izuku asked. The three teens were now back at Shouta's apartment, with Izuku putting the finishing touches on dinner. They'd finished their shopping, which included an impromptu grocery run at Izuku's insistence. He'd gathered up all the courage in his body and asked - practically *demanded* - that he make dinner, since they'd been so nice to him all day. Izuku was still basking in the afterglow of compliments from Shouta and Hizashi, which kept his self-consciousness from rearing its head.

"Oh, definitely. We would've done it anyways, but I think Principal Nedzu would actually murder us if we didn't do something nice for you, and I *really* don't wanna be on his bad side, yo." Hizashi felt a chill go down his spine at the prospect of a pissed off Nedzu. Shouta only nodded solemnly in agreement, knowing the Principal's reputation.

“Goodness, h-he doesn’t come off that way to me a-at all. Maybe h-he was just being nice?” Izuku murmured, though he definitely sensed that the chimerae Principal knew far more about any subject than he let on. He didn’t dwell on it, though - he really wasn’t one to argue, especially since the two U.A students would know their Principal better than he would. “Well, no mind, dinner’s ready!”

Shouta peered up from his book on the couch - he *really* loved to read, apparently - and stared at the different dishes being put on the table. They looked delicious, and Shouta found himself fascinated at how natural cooking looked when Izuku did it. On his end, he could barely get by without burning toast sometimes… not that he’d ever admit it. He got up and took his place at the table, and it began to dawn on him that this looked so… normal. Like it wasn’t anything new to have Izuku at his place, cooking dinner for him and Hizashi, even though he’d literally only been there for a week. He wondered what that said about him, if anything.

Steaming bowls of Katsudon awaited them. They all said their thanks before digging in, and immediately Hizashi’s face lit up with joy. Even Shouta’s normally perfect neutral expression was changed to one of shock, an out of character moment *twice* in *one* day. Izuku, apparently, had that effect on people. They reveled in the taste of the food, it was absolutely *wonderful*! It was like something they’d get at a restaurant!

“Izuku, oh my god!” Hizashi yelled excitedly. “This is so good!!”

“H-Huh?” Izuku had his own look of shock this time, different than Shouta’s but there nevertheless. “What, you think so?”

“It’s… really, really good.” Shouta agreed, turning his attention back to the food. “Where did you learn to cook like this?”

“Umm, w-well,” Izuku started, sheepishly, “I just kinda started cooking one day. M-My mom, she um, wasn’t always up for cooking, so I just t-took it up myself… It just stuck, I-I guess?”

“Dude, you totally rock! You could make a killing as a chef somewhere if you wanted! I’m never going back to convenience store lunches and dinners again…” Hizashi clenched a fist dramatically, pretending to be moved to tears. “I will just have to battle you for Izuku’s cooking, Shouta! Prepare yourself!”

“Whatever.” Shouta rolled his eyes. “Izuku can cook for whoever he wants. Nobody’s gonna force him.”

“I’d… like to cook for b-both of you.” Izuku smiled so widely that the corners of his eyes scrunched up. He was genuinely happy they liked his food, and even happier he could share a table with them. “At home, I-I don’t get to eat w-with anybody very often… so this is really nice…”

Hizashi and Shouta could both swear they felt their hearts beat out of their chests at the comment. How in the world did somebody with a smile like the sun just fall - literally - into their lives? They both wondered how they’d gotten so lucky to meet Izuku, but thanked the universe for its blessings. He was just as much of a staple of their lives as anything else, at this point.

In that small moment of dinner with Shouta and Hizashi, Izuku felt normal. He felt at home. He wondered if this was what life was like for everybody else - if they got to experience this every day. For the first time ever, even if he knew well enough that it wasn’t permanent, Izuku thought that maybe life wasn’t so bad.

Chapter End Notes

> Another shorter chapter, but one I hope is still good!! Plenty of fluff is good for the soul you know! Principal Nedzu low-key adopting Izuku without Izuku realizing it is my new favorite thing now lmao
>
> Also, prepare for pain... we return to the angst next chapter >:)

Tempest

Chapter Summary

TW: Izuku has a nightmare, lots of self-hate in this chapter :(

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

At first, it just rumbles. It's dark, and he can't see, but he can hear it. Like distant thunder, but getting closer, and suddenly it's tugging at his scars. They all burn, they all itch, they all ask too many questions.

"How did you get those?" Recovery Girl's taut voice, like she's about to say it, but she doesn't. She knows. His scars burn hotter.

"Why were you so upset yesterday after telling me you were quirkless?" Shouta's gentle, concerned voice. His scars itch with the overwhelming desire to apologize. To make himself useful in return. He doesn't deserve such a gentle voice.

"I would tell them if I were you, Midoriya-san." Nedzu's voice. This time, it's not his scars that burn, but his heart. He's ashamed. Guilty. He knows he should say something, anything. It's better than nothing. But how can he say it when he's already…?

"It's good to have a dream, but you need to consider what's realistic." His hero's words fill his lungs until he can't breathe. He's drowning in the swirling mass of emotions he can't quite pick out. He can't feel anything. He's numb.

The thunder isn't far away any more. It's in his ears, in his eyes, scorching, burning, clawing, marking, making sure everyone knows what he is.

Stupid. Useless. Quirkless. Worthless. Less than human. Unloved by even his own mother.

Deku.

“You should take a swan dive off of the roof and pray for a quirk in your next life!”

He’s tried. One more thing he couldn’t even get right. His skin feels like it’s about to tear itself to shreds. He fights the urge to pick at his own scars.

“I’d like to cook for both of you.” His own voice cuts through the air, followed by damning silence. He feels sick.

What right does he have to announce that with a smile? They should both have beat him into a bloody pulp for his insolence. Bakugou would have.

Bakugou.

The name sends a hand of fire to encase his heart. It hurts, it’s gripping so tight, he can see his face, oh god, he wants to put up his arms and fight! He can’t. His arms won’t move to his face, the one part of himself he’s managed to keep scars off of.

“I’ll kill you properly this time, you fucking Deku!”

Shouta woke up with a start, hearing thunder outside and yelling and sobbing in the next room. He threw the covers off of himself and raced to the guest room, only to find Hizashi trying to wake up Izuku from what seemed to be a nightmare. The green-haired teen was thrashing in his sleep, hands up to his face like he was trying to keep from being hit.

“B-Baku-Bakugou…! P-Please s-s-stop…!” Izuku chokes out. Shouta has no idea what he’s dreaming about, but it couldn’t be good. He kneeled next to Izuku, moving his hands away from his face as gently as possible. He grasped Izuku in a gentle hug, and Hizashi did the same.

“Izuku, wake up. Please, you’re just having a nightmare.” Shouta said softly, running a hand through Izuku’s hair. Hizashi held Izuku’s hand in his own, head on his shoulders in an effort to console him.

“Izuku, you’re okay, we’re here, you’re okay. Wake up, wake up.” Hizashi offered, and suddenly, Izuku’s eyes were wide with all the fear of an animal going to slaughter.

“Please, I’m sorry, I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” Izuku cried out, the yells petering into choked sobs. He clutched onto Shouta and Hizashi for dear life, like if he let go he’d be murdered. “I’m sorry… I’m sorry… please, I’m sorry…”

“Shh,” Shouta felt his dry eyes burn with tears he couldn’t work up. “It’s okay, Izuku. It was a nightmare. You’re in my apartment, remember? Hizashi and I are right here.”

“I’m sorry… I’m sorry…” Was all Izuku could get out, shaking like a leaf. Rain poured against the window, and a crack of thunder had him leaping out of his own skin. “P-Please! I-I’ll do it right! Please!”

“Izuku, you’re safe, it’s just thunder.” Hizashi sounded like he was on the verge of tears himself, not understanding what was wrong but worried for Izuku all the same. Shouta was right there with him.

“Th-Thunder… Thunder…” Izuku squeezed his eyes shut, flinching every time it rumbled in the distance. “It’s just… Thunder…”

“You got it, just thunder. You’re here in the apartment with Shouta and I.” Hizashi said, and Izuku nodded as best he could. He had one hand holding onto Hizashi’s with an iron grip, and the other holding Shouta’s now, not letting go for anything.

“In… In the a-apartment…” He repeated, like he was still trying to ground himself in reality. The only noise was the rain and Izuku’s soft crying, followed by the distant thunder. Each time a lightning bolt would crack, Izuku would let out a strangled “I’m sorry” before going quiet again. They didn’t know what to say, what would make him feel better, if anything - all the other two teens could do was be there for him, making sure he knew he was safe.

“It w-was… It was a d-dream…” It looked like it was starting to sink in for Izuku, and he finally slumped over, the muscles in his body relaxing. He still wouldn’t let go of either of his friends, but they were fine with it. Neither Shouta nor Hizashi were going to leave him unless he asked.

“Yeah,” Shouta nodded, other hand still in Izuku’s curls. “Just a dream. It wasn’t real.”

They sat like this for nearly an hour, quietly trying to help Izuku get back to them. The rain finally slowed down, though it was still dark, and the thunder finally left them. It was only after Izuku hadn’t heard the thunder for a while that he finally seemed to fully relax. His eyelids were heavy from crying, and he leaned closer to Shouta’s side.

“C-Can you stay too?” Izuku asked, voice barely above a whisper as he looked up at Shouta. The black-haired teen nodded, carefully laying down with Izuku so that both he and Hizashi could stay with him. With a shaky sigh, Izuku was finally back to reality. He had them with him. He was safe. It was a dream. “I’m… I-I’m sorry for w-waking you both u-up…”

“You don’t need to apologize for that, Izuku-kun.” Hizashi murmured, head still gently leaning on Izuku’s shoulder. “We’d rather you be alright than wake up later knowing you suffered through it by yourself.”

“Exactly what Hizashi said.” Shouta agreed. “You never need to apologize for things out of your control, especially nightmares. Everybody gets them.”

“I thought…” Izuku’s hands trembled as he tried to talk about it. “I thought he was going to… p-put a scar on my face… I-I couldn’t… It’s the only p-part that I…”

“Thought who was going to scar your face, Izuku?” Shouta asked, voice just barely wavering. Somebody had put those scars on Izuku’s arms, then. It was another person… Shouta was full of rage at the thought that another person could do something that heinous.

“It… It’s okay…” Izuku deflected the question, “It was j-just a dream.”

“Okay.” Shouta said simply. He wasn’t going to push it right now. He’d ask another time, when Izuku wasn’t so shaken up. As much as he feared Principal Nedzu’s wrath, he knew it would be necessary. Whoever did this to Izuku… He didn’t even want to think about it.

It was quiet again. With his limbs and hands tangled with Shouta and Hizashi’s, Izuku could finally get back to sleep.

Izuku yawned, eyes fluttering open to the sunlight peering into the apartment window. It was bright outside, and he felt so warm and heavy. It was a reassuring sort of feeling, and he wished it would stay all the time. He turned his head to see Hizashi at his side, and then turned again to see Shouta on the other. Izuku blinked, not processing for a second before it hit him.

He'd had a nightmare last night. He'd woken them up, and they stayed with him so he could go back to sleep. Izuku's face went red, embarrassed but comforted. He still could barely understand the fact that they weren't disgusted by him, let alone that they would be willing to be this close to him. Izuku's heart hammered in his chest.

Why couldn't I have a life like this at home? He wondered. *I don't understand… Maybe I really did die and this is the afterlife, I don't know. Maybe this is all a dream at my expense, something I could never have.*

I wish I could stay like this forever.

"Huh? Stay like what forever, Izuku-kun?" Hizashi yawned and stretched, just beginning to wake up. Izuku realized he'd said that out loud and stammered.

"I-I-I mean, y-you know…!" He squeaked. Hizashi grinned stupidly, seemingly catching on through his sleep-addled fog.

"Aww, you mean like this, with me and Shouta?" He chuckled. "Well, I'm flattered!"

Izuku's mouth opened and closed like a fish, unable to form words out of sheer bashfulness. Hizashi held his hand just a little tighter, rested his head back on Izuku's shoulder, and sighed softly.

"We can stay as long as you'd like, but maybe eating something would be good, too, at some point." He joked, and Izuku only nodded. "I'm seriously glad you're feeling better, though. Shouta and I were really worried, you know."

"I'm sorry." Izuku's voice was shamed, quiet. "I shouldn't have m-made you two worry."

"I told you before, didn't I?" Shouta's rumbling voice this time, as he stretched and then laid his arm over Izuku's chest protectively. "Don't apologize for things you can't control."

“B-But I-”

“No ‘buts,’ okay?” Hizashi interjected, “You’re totally fine. It was a nightmare, man, you can’t help that stuff. Shouta and I are happy to help.”

“Y-You sh-shouldn’t have to.” Izuku’s eyes drifted to the ceiling, his look scornful. “I-It’s not r-right. If I’d just d-done it right the f-first time I’d never have… I-I wouldn’t…”

“What do you mean?” Hizashi sat up, expression concerned. “Done what right?”

“Th-The quirk that sent me here. If I’d just st-stopped and th-thought about it… If I-I’d done it right it w-would never have hit me. I sh-shouldn’t even be here, m-messing up other people’s lives j-just because I can’t even j-jump right!” Izuku felt hot tears threatening to spill over, and he rubbed at his eyes angrily. “I’m s-such an idiot…”

“Hey, hey, whatever happened wasn’t your fault! You got hit accidentally by a quirk, you couldn’t help that. Whatever the case is, you’re here now, and you’re not messing up anything!” Hizashi reassured him, but Izuku wasn’t having it. Izuku untangled himself from the two and stood up, pacing the room.

“I-I did! I’m n-not supposed to be here! I-I’m changing everything j-just being here! Y-Your timelines are…!” He froze, realizing he’d let something terrible slip. Shouta and Hizashi shared a look between them for just a second. Timelines…? Was this something to do with the ‘repercussions’ they’d heard Nedzu mention back in Recovery Girl’s office?

“Izuku, what are you talking about?” Shouta asked seriously. Izuku’s whole body trembled. He didn’t want to say it. He wanted to be selfish, he wanted to keep pretending he could be normal just for a little longer.

“I… Please… I-I’m sorry… I d-didn’t mean to…” Izuku’s hands clenched and unclenched nervously, and he worried his lip between his teeth. Then, with no warning, he looked Shouta dead in the eyes. “Th-This is why I… I was so scared of s-saying I was quirkless… Q-Quirkless people aren’t worth anything… All I ever do is mess things up. I’m useless… Now d-do you understand?”

“No, I don’t understand.” Shouta said firmly, standing and staring right back. “I don’t understand how you could think that about

yourself. I don't know what happened before you got here, Izuku, but I've said it before and I'll say it again: you aren't useless. You aren't trouble. I wouldn't turn you away, and neither would Hizashi. No matter what."

"Yeah, man." Hizashi stood up from the futon as well, expression serious. "You're our friend. We care about you. Even Principal Nedzu cares about you too in his own way, so don't go selling yourself short. Quirkless or not, you're still a person. You're still here, and you're still worth all the time in the world."

"I…" Izuku's hands fell to his sides limply. He didn't know how to properly reply to that, so he just said the first things that came to mind. "I've never… I've never had a… a friend, before. E-Even my mom, she… she doesn't t-talk to me. I'm not… I'm not *there* . I don't *exist,* except as a-a stupid, useless *Deku* . All I can do is m-make people's lives worse-"

Izuku's words cut off as Hizashi ran to him, clutching him in a close hug.

"Stop it." He said, weakly. The entire time he'd been around Hizashi, Izuku had never heard him speak like that. Like he would break any second. "Stop talking about yourself like that, Izuku. Please. It's not true."

"It is true." Izuku was completely still. "It is."

"It's not!" Hizashi cried, gripping Izuku by the shoulders, now. "Who told you you were useless, huh?! Who told you that you don't exist?!"

Izuku was silent, and then: "Everyone."

Hizashi and Shouta felt their hearts shatter.

Izuku was nearly nonverbal for the rest of the day. He'd shut down again, and no matter how much Shouta and Hizashi tried to comfort him, it was like his soul had left his body. By the afternoon, the other two teens weren't sure how much more silence they could take.

"Shouta." Hizashi had murmured, away from the guest bedroom.

Izuku hadn't left all day, not even to eat. "This is… Maybe we should call Principal Nedzu, o-or Recovery Girl, or something. We aren't professionals, I think he should talk to somebody, Shouta."

"Maybe not, but who would he talk to? You heard him. *Everyone* , Hizashi. Not one person in his entire *life* has been kind to him. Those scars came from another person. Maybe multiple people. How the hell do you expect him to open up to anybody like that?" Shouta nearly hissed, seething with rage at anybody who had treated Izuku poorly. Which was a *lot* of people, apparently.

"I know." Hizashi felt his own brand of anger and horror, not sure which emotion ranked higher on his scale of feelings towards the people in Izuku's life. "I know, but what else can we do? We're teenagers, not licensed medical professionals."

"We can *be there* for him. He opened up to us. The first people to tell him he was a person. If we left him in somebody else's care now, what would he think? Two more people who just dropped him from their lives because he was quirkless. Because we couldn't care enough to help him through it. We'd be just like everybody else who hurt him!" Shouta's voice was barely above a whisper, but Hizashi could practically feel the venom seeping from his tone.

"… You're right." Hizashi admitted, sighing. He put a hand to his temple. "We would be. I can't imagine he would take it well, especially after we called him our friend. We can only do our best in this situation, huh? And that means not leaving his side, for as long as he needs us."

"Right." Shouta's shoulders finally relaxed, and he slumped against a wall. "For as long as he needs us. I know Principal Nedzu only said he was staying with us for summer break, but where is he going to go? Back to people who don't care about him? I think we should tell somebody about this, at least. See if there's *anything* we can do for him after his stay here is up. I wish he could just stay here, go to school with us, but we have to do things the right way for his sake."

"You can't d-do things the 'right way.' Not with my c-circumstances." Izuku's voice came suddenly, and both Hizashi and Shouta startled to see Izuku standing behind them, looking just as lifeless as he had before. Izuku swallowed, fear and bile rising in equal measure in his throat.

"I think… I think there's some things I n-need to tell you guys."

Chapter End Notes

Ahh, the dreaded cliffhanger!!!

Welp, it's official, i'm super mean to characters in fics!! I can't help it, my evil fingers type what they will! I hope you guys are enjoying the fic so far. Don't worry, I promise it gets better, but it uh... gets worse before it does.

Shouta is ready to murder some peeps, better hope he doesn't find you in the future bakugou (also sorry ik i'm making bakugou super evil in this fic but I can't help it aaaa)

Candor

Chapter Summary

> Izuku finally tells them! TW for lots of talk about death & references to attempted suicide in this chapter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It feels like he's known them for years. Almost like with Bakugou, but it's not the same. He knows it isn't. Bakugou is cruel and burning and mindless in his pursuits to crush Izuku - they're not like that at all. Hizashi is positive and beaming, with a sensitive side that shows itself from time to time. Shouta is gruff and honest and kind of blunt, but he's always respectful and intense in a way that Izuku can't really describe. But always, above all, they're both *so gentle.* They're kind. They listen. They make Izuku feel like a person.

Is it normal to feel like that about people you've known for all of two weeks? He's not entirely sure. Either way, their gentleness is so comforting it hurts. He craves it. He's terrified of it at the same time, because what will he do once he loses it? He's going to die. He's accepted this as a fact. Once his 'month or two' is finished, he'll fall to his death from that roof and there's nothing he can do about it, he thinks. There's no way anybody would wait 15 years for him.

And yet, the thought of his death hurts even more, somehow. It hurts because he knows that it would hurt *them,* even if they'd forget by the time he actually jumped. In his time, they were Pro Heroes - people who didn't have time to go out of their way to help Quirkless kids with their existential crises. All Might certainly didn't, and if *he* didn't, how could he expect the same of Shouta and Hizashi in 15 years?

It wouldn't be 15 years for Izuku, though. It would be the blink of an eye - one second surrounded by warmth and bliss and the best feelings he's had in his entire life, and then the next his head would be cracked open on the pavement.

He knew, in that moment, that he had to tell them. He had to say something - his slip-up had already made them suspicious, so if he didn't tell them, they'd get it from Principal Nedzu or Recovery Girl, probably. He had to tell them, so that they would know what he did to

them - ruin their timelines - so they could wash their hands of him. He'd go back to his place as Deku for the rest of his time here in the past, and then he'd be dead.

It would be easier than being warm and cared for. He didn't deserve it, anyways.

So, with shaky legs, he walked out of the guest bedroom to finally talk to them. He'd been there long enough. They needed to know.

"...See if there's *anything* we can do for him after his stay is up," he heard Shouta's voice as he padded quietly into the living room. "I wish he could just stay here, go to school with us, but we have to do things the right way for his sake."

Izuku's mouth drew into a fine line and his hands felt cold. They still wanted to do something for him? He didn't deserve it.

"You can't d-do things the 'right way.' Not with my c-circumstances…" he held back the shakes of anxiety threatening to overtake him. "I think… I think there's some things I n-need to tell you guys."

"Okay." Shouta's simple, one word answer. It held no judgement, no anger, only acceptance. It made Izuku's heart ache with feelings he couldn't explain.

"Do you wanna sit down, Izuku?" Hizashi's voice was soft as he gestured to the couch. So soft, so *gentle* . Always gentle, but never coddling. Izuku's eyes fell for just a second before he nodded, curt and quiet. They all sat, with Izuku in the middle. Izuku folded his hands in his lap. He was ready for the anger, the yelling, anything. He was ready to be Deku again.

"I… Y-You both have been so wonderful. More than somebody like me c-could ever ask for. That's why I have to tell you this, b-because then you'll understand why I… I don't deserve to be called your friend." Izuku murmured, barely stuttering. He was resigned, ready, there was no reason to be so nervous or scared. He could do this.

"Izuku, you-"

"No, please." Izuku stopped before Hizashi could protest, "Let me finish. Let me tell you, and then you can yell and scream at me all you want. Please."

“We would never do that.” Shouta said, his tone brooking no argument. “But go ahead. Whatever you have to say, say it.”

“The quirk that hit me, that s-sent me here… it was a time travel quirk.” And with that first thing said, Shouta and Hizashi’s eyes were wide, and he felt spurred on to continue. “I’m from the future. A long, long time from now… 15 years from now. I… was hit a-accidentally, and it sent me back in time… the quirk user said I’d be stuck here for ‘a month or two,’ and then I’d go r-right back to my own time. Principal Nedzu, he knows… And he said I couldn’t do much damage to the past unless I was a-actually trying, except for… For your memories. For *you guys* . J-Just by being here, I… I’ve messed with your futures, somehow, some way! I-I don’t know how, but I… I’ve done something to you! After you’ve shown me n-nothing but kindness I didn’t deserve!”

Izuku’s hands clenched into fists, the pain from his palms barely more than a sting at this point. Maybe he deserved that, though - the pain. It was always what he deserved with Bakugou.

“So… So that’s why I-I can’t… I can’t say I’m your friend… B-Because just by existing here, with you, I’ve hurt you.” Izuku finished. They knew, now. They knew. They knew he was quirkless, that he was from the future, and that he was to blame for any changes in their futures.

“Nobody said you’ve hurt us.” Shouta’s tone was so normal Izuku felt like he’d been given whiplash. “So what? You’re from the future. You changed our futures by being here, now. Who’s to say it’s a bad future? I could care less. What’s happened has happened, and what will happen, *will* happen. Whether or not we like it, we can only move forward, no matter what the future holds - all we can do is enjoy the present while we have it. And right now, the time we’ve spent with you hasn’t been bad. You’re our friend, Izuku, time travel or not. Our future selves will just have to deal with it, because that isn’t changing any more.”

“I feel the same way.” Hizashi nodded. “I don’t care what’s changed, because whatever changes has to be for the better. How can us knowing you and being friends hurt anything? We care about you a lot, Izuku. That’s got to be worth something in the future, no matter what happens between now and then. Sure, 15 years is a long time. We’ll be adults then, but like Shouta said, so what? You’ll still be our friend, we’ll just be a bit taller than you.”

Izuku felt all the nerve he’d worked up crumble to the ground. He

expected… anything but *this* . Somehow, this was so much worse and so much better all at the same time.

“You guys can’t… You can’t interact with me at all between now and then. My past self, I mean. Once I go back, that’s it f-for… for 15 years. If you change anything about my life before I got hit by the quirk… W-We won’t remember each other. You have to leave me c-completely alone for 15 years… no matter how much it hurts.” Izuku explained. *No matter how much* I *get hurt* was left unsaid in his mind. Hizashi tensed.

“So you mean we have to… to leave your life the way it was before we met? To just let you be alone again as you grow up?” he said sharply. Izuku nodded.

“Yes… or everything that led me t-to the person who used their quirk on me would n-never have happened.” He said. “My past would be changed, and we’d never have m-met.”

“Then we just have to make up for lost time *now*. We’ll make sure you have the best time you can here. That way, we all know you aren’t alone, because we’ll have made sure you weren’t. We’ll know we did everything we could for the you that ended up with us.” Shouta said, hand reaching for Izuku’s. Hizashi grasped the other, and Izuku felt like he was going to burst.

He wanted to tell them *how* and *why* he ended up being hit by the quirk. He wanted to tell them that he was going to die, but he just couldn’t. Not after hearing them talk like that to him. He was sure that if he told them, then they’d wilt like flowers without water. He couldn’t bear to hurt them like that. He would tell them eventually, but not now.

Right now, he was grateful, in a morbid sort of way, for everything in his life. If he hadn’t ended up on that roof, Shouta and Hizashi would never have met him. He’d never have felt this human. He’d just be dead. So right now, he held onto his friends’ hands and was simply content to exist as a person.

He was Izuku Midoriya, *not* the Deku that Bakugou had always called him.

Izuku Midoriya learned, at the age of 15, that he had two friends: Shouta Aizawa and Hizashi Yamada.

Hizashi went home that evening to do laundry and pick up some things, and Shouta had taken care of dinner for the evening. He insisted that Izuku get some rest, since telling them everything had taken a lot out of him. The next day went by in a calm blur, and then the next, too - until it was nearly the end of the next week, and almost time for his next checkup with Nedzu.

They'd promised to make a day of it, again, if Izuku was feeling up for it. He said he'd see, but truth be told Izuku was itching to write. Maybe he'd work up the courage to ask for a journal, while he was here. He thought it might help with the down time, especially, when he wasn't cooking or cleaning or doing something else around the apartment. He was always doing one thing or another, keeping himself distracted from his own thoughts.

His favorite time, though, was when he went to bed. He got to hold his friend's hands, grounded in the fact that he was safe no matter what his nightmares told him. That was another thing he'd have to tell them, eventually. Why he thrashed in his sleep, where his scars were from. He could feel the questions every time their stares lingered on his skin, but they never asked. And surprisingly, their stares were never ones of pity or judgement - Shouta's stare was fire, fury and indignation that he was ever hurt in the first place. Hizashi's stare was sunlight, warm like he wanted to tell him that he was cared for despite them.

Either one made his heart flutter, because he'd never had somebody look at him like that before. Nobody had cared enough to.

So when he sat in Nedzu's office again, he was surprised when the first thing out of the chimera's mouth is "Well, don't you look positively glowing!"

"Do I…?" Izuku asked, almost shy. Nedzu let out a little laugh.

"Yes, you do! It's wonderful to see. I trust the two have been treating you well?" He asked, though there was a very clear undercurrent to the tone. Izuku nodded.

“Y-Yes. I told them about my situation.” he said, firm and happy in a way that made him warm to think about. Nedzu’s tone dialed down at this, happy that he’d been able to cross that bridge. It was a big one, after all.

“And? How did it go? You’re still here, so I assume they haven’t done anything to your own timeline.” Nedzu asked, and Izuku nodded again.

“They understood. They don’t… hate me. Th-They called me their friend.” Izuku seemed almost shocked at himself for saying such a thing, but quickly dialed himself in. “They want me to h-have fun, while I’m here, and I think… I don’t know, it’s stupid.”

“No thoughts are ever stupid, Midoriya-san. Only learning opportunities.” Nedzu said, his voice light but commanding. Izuku sighed and shifted in his seat.

“I don’t know… I just wish I… Didn’t have to go back. I like it here.” He said, eyes cast downwards with words unspoken. Nedzu’s silence said volumes; he understood what wasn’t said.

“I know, Midoriya-san. Unfortunately, there’s not a lot that can be done with these types of quirks. They simply have to run their course. But, perhaps when you return to the future, you can look for your friends? I’m sure they’d enjoy your company again.” Nedzu suggested. “At the very least, I do agree with those two on the sentiment that you should enjoy your time here. There’s nothing that says because you were put in this situation it has to be horrible, after all.”

“I-It’s been anything *but* horrible!” Izuku blurts out faster than he can think, like Nedzu’s words almost stung him. “They’ve been so-so nice, you know, a-and I feel like, less useless when I’m with them, a-and I-”

“It’s okay, Midoriya-san, there’s no need to justify yourself. I’m perfectly content knowing you feel welcomed with Aizawa-san and Hizashi-san. Now, I *would* like to talk about the quirk that sent you here, if that’s alright? It could have several fascinating implications.” Nedzu smiled at him.

“Of course!” Izuku gave a small smile back. The chimera Principal felt an overwhelming urge to protect.

Oh, Nedzu would *destroy* anybody who hurt that smile.

“Well, then, let’s get started! First thing’s first, would you describe the

exact situation leading up to the quirk being used on you? Even the smallest details are helpful." Nedzu said, and instantly Izuku clammed up. He wasn't ready for that yet.

"I-I… I'd rather not talk about that, please…" his mouth felt dry with the admission. Nedzu said nothing, but noted it on Izuku's file.

"Very well, what about the instant the quirk was used on you? Can you describe what that experience was like?" Nedzu asked, ready to write.

"Well, it was like a bright, white light." Izuku hummed, remembering in his mind. "Kind of warm. L-Like a hug… sorry, is that weird?"

"Not at all. Please go on." Nedzu only chuckled.

"Okay, well, I went into that light because I… well, I wasn't able to go anywhere else. Anyways, after I went through it, it felt like I w-was falling asleep, but I woke up in some kind of dark void. Almost floating..."

The rest of the appointment with Nedzu went fine - Izuku would even say it was enjoyable, because he got to gush about quirks with the Principal of *U.A High* of all people, and Izuku thought he might just keel over at the thought. Nedzu was a good person, regardless of the fear he instilled in his students. Izuku was so glad - beyond all measure - that it had been Shouta and Hizashi to find him that day, and that they'd brought him to U.A to be healed.

He honestly didn't know where he'd be without them.

So when they were out, perusing stores again, Izuku had asked as bravely as he could to go into a stationary store. He wanted to write about them so badly he could practically feel the pencil in his hands already. They'd taken him to a local business, one that sold everything Izuku was looking for, and neither Shouta nor Hizashi had seen Izuku so excited before. He was just about shaking with excitement as he looked at all the different things in the store.

"Oh, such nice paper! And these pencils look so nice too!" He muttered to himself about paper weights and how they help up and

the pros and cons of each pencil. It was kind of endearing to watch, and they had no idea Izuku had enjoyed writing *that* much or they would've taken him sooner. Eventually, Izuku settled on a couple of small, hardbound journals (Shouta insisted he get the nicer ones) and a some pencils with different cartoon designs on them. Hizashi had even picked out a pencil bag for all of his new things.

Izuku had taken them right back to the apartment with glee and sat down at the table with them, ready to start writing as soon as possible. When he sat and looked at the cover of the journal, however, he wasn't quite sure what to put. He always, *always* labelled the books he wrote in, but what would this one be for? It wasn't going to be a Hero Analysis book (that was going to be one of the other ones)... so then what? He pursed his lips a bit in thought. Then his face lit up.

Past & Future Me.

He would write about his time here in the past, and everything he experienced with his new friends - as well as his plans for… his hands shook as he realized what he was doing. He was acting like he had a future to go back to. As if he wasn't going to die… Just being with his friends made him think about what he had done that much more seriously. He didn't regret jumping - it led him to his friends, after all - but at the same time… he was scared. Terrified of going to his death now that he'd experienced something - anything - of what life had to offer.

He erased the title, writing a new one in its place.

My Time in the Past.

Chapter End Notes

> Ahhh, it's finally here! Izuku tells them he's from the past and it goes... well?!?!? The green bean is so happy he has friends now and he deserves them so much.
>
> Also! A small note to my lovely readers!!
> THANK YOU!!!! Your support means the world, and each comment, kudo and bookmark makes me so, so happy. I haven't

properly written fanfic in a long time, so it's wonderful to have it received so positively! I'm so glad everybody's enjoying it, and I really look forward to writing more because of you guys!! I hope you all decide to keep with the story and see it to the end with me.

See you in the next chapter!
- daylightbreaks

Hizashi

Chapter Summary

3.1k words of gratuitous hizashi & izuku friendship fluff

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hizashi was the type of guy who let everything roll off of his back. He was loud, overly aggressive with his affection, and tended to butt his nose into people's business sometimes, but he always had the best of intentions. He never let anything others said or did get to him, and had a personality to back that up. So, when his first close friend in high school ended up being Shouta Aizawa, not a whole lot of people were surprised. He had the ability to make friends with just about everyone he met, no matter how conflicting the personality.

When Izuku had shown up, though, and Hizashi had found out about the things that could be done to people - the depravity others could force on a fellow human - he found himself out of his element. For once, something finally bothered him. Something made him *mad*. He was careful not to show it for Izuku's sake, of course, but he wanted to know the story behind his scars, his insistence on quirkless people being what it was, and what led him to being so afraid of thunder he subconsciously had nightmares about it. Everything that made Izuku feel like less than a person made Hizashi so unbelievably upset in his place, and he wanted nothing more than to make sure Izuku understood that he had a place at his and Shouta's side.

When he found out that Izuku was from the future, though, and he was forced to make sure that he left Izuku's terrible life the way it was or risk forgetting him? He was beyond mad. He wanted to *do* something, he wanted to take away the pain somehow, even though Izuku insisted he was doing that just by being there for him.

He wondered how Shouta felt about the whole situation. Probably about the same, although anger and annoyance were the two emotions Shouta had easier times expressing, so it was probably less concealed than his own.

On the flip side, though, having Izuku around was like a blessing. He was so quiet and jumpy, but Hizashi was happy to be there for him as

much as he could. He found everything Izuku did endearing, from his muttering to his almost obsessive cleaning habits, and *especially* his beyond amazing cooking skills. Hizashi was excited to learn as many new things as possible about his friend. For example, Izuku loved heroes. He loved All Might, although for some reason he was always a little sad when talking about him. He watched everything around him like a hawk, and would write in his brand new journals at the drop of a hat.

There were still so many things Hizashi *didn't* know, though, and he was determined to find out. So when Shouta said he had to go out for the day to sort through some things with his parents in another prefecture, he saw the perfect opportunity for some Izuku bonding time!

"Knock, knock, Izuku-kun! Good morning!" Hizashi cheered, knocking on the apartment door. He had picked up a few things from his house and was ready to go, and ready to convince Izuku that a day out was just what he needed. They promised to have as much fun as possible while they could, and Hizashi had the perfect idea in mind. The door opened to a very sleepy Izuku in pajamas, yawning as he let him in.

"Oh, good morning, Hizashi… Sorry, 'm still a li'l tired…" he slurred, rubbing sleep out of his eyes with an extra long pj sleeve.

He is so. Cute. Oh my god! Hizashi thought as he watched Izuku pad around the apartment, picking up what was left of his and Shouta's extra early breakfast mess.

"No worries, no worries! I just thought that since Shouta happened to be gone for the day, I'd keep you company! I thought we could go to have lunch later, and I'd show you my favorite arcade! There's a buncha cool ones around town, but there's one that's my favorite." Hizashi suggested, and he saw Izuku perk up a bit at the mention of an arcade.

"Whoa… Really? I-I've never been to one before… are they fun?" He asked, eyes bright with curiosity. "They seem r-really fun in the future, I wonder what yours were like."

"Huh?! You've never been to an arcade?!" Hizashi gasped playfully. "We must correct this! C'mon, I'll help clean up, you go ahead and get ready for the day! It'll be fun, promise!"

Izuku was wearing one of his new outfits and had his backpack ready, full of his new journals so he could write about everything he saw. The outfit he picked to wear out with Hizashi was his arm covers under a pastel yellow shirt that had a pocket with red kanji printed on it, plain white cargo shorts and his red sneakers. It was the first time he'd worn shorts since he got there, and though Hizashi didn't say anything, he could see that Izuku's legs were almost as bad as his arms in sheer amount of scars.

Izuku didn't seem to mind his legs too much though, more focused on the bright lights and colors of the arcade Hizashi had taken him to. It was out of the way, without crowds, and a lot of the machines were hero themed. He seemed to enjoy it, all the new experiences, and Hizashi was glad to be a part of them. Izuku walked from machine to machine, eyeing the different ones and observing the other few players curiously. He was watching carefully, as if seeing all the potential pros and cons of a game, whether or not it was worth it. He watched them as if they were individual battles, like a hero versus a villain, and Hizashi was *fascinated* by that.

"Anything interesting you? Wanna play anything?" He asked, smiling widely. Izuku murmured something to himself as he watched somebody stop playing a replica of an older, vintage arcade game, and nodded finally.

"This one, if you think about the win/loss ratios and the way it's played…" Izuku began to ramble about the various technicalities. Hizashi had no idea what he was talking about, but Izuku was enthusiastic, so that was all that mattered. He dropped a few tokens in the slot of the machine and gestured to it.

"Go for it! I wanna see you kick this game's butt!" Hizashi cheered, a fist in the air. Izuku laughed and approached the machine, taking just a moment to figure out the controls in his hands. Once he was situated, he dove right in, immediately entranced by the game.

Hizashi watched with interest as Izuku picked up the game rather quickly. He became invested in watching every movement, every flick of a joystick and press of a button on the cabinet. He watched Izuku's eyebrows furrow in concentration, his tongue just barely stuck out of his mouth as he went at the game with every bit of ferocity as an *actual* fight. Despite his shy and self-deprecating nature, he was incredibly intense with everything he did. From his cleaning to his

cooking to his gaming, there wasn't a single challenge that Izuku didn't take seriously.

"Ah! A powerup!" Izuku said happily, and Hizashi glanced down at the game to see that he was already several levels in. Had he really spent that long just watching Izuku? Not to mention, he was *really* good at the game, too - he hadn't lost a single life and was racking up points left and right. He was going to overtake the high score soon, and with minimal effort, it seemed. Hizashi's eyebrows rose watching his score climb higher and higher.

"You sure you've never been to an arcade before, Izuku? Or even played this game? You're really good at it!" He said, leaning over Izuku's shoulder and resting his chin on it. Izuku nodded.

"Mhm! Never. There's patterns in everything, if you just watch for a while you can pick up anything's strengths and weaknesses after all." Izuku said casually.

"Huh! Well, you learn something new every day. Didn't know you could apply that to arcade games. Is that what you write in that Hero Analysis notebook you made?" Hizashi wondered. Izuku didn't even think about it as he answered, too focused on his game to worry about how he used to be made fun of for those notes.

"Yeah, I like watching Heroes fight and writing about their quirks and what uses they might have… all sorts of things…" he mashed a button furiously to make his character do something. Hizashi made a thoughtful sort of noise, thinking about what sort of applications it could have.

"You think you could do an analysis on my own quirk?" Hizashi asked, and Izuku froze up for a moment at the question. His character lost his first life, and Izuku turned red.

"Umm… W-Well, nobody's ever really asked if I could do a p-personal one before, but I… Suppose I could? M-Maybe we could talk about your quirk when we get lunch?" Izuku suggested shyly, focusing back on the game. Hizashi nodded, hugging his arms around Izuku's waist. The shorter teen let out an 'eep!' in surprise.

"That would be so cool! It's always good to get input from other people besides my teachers. Thanks, Izuku!" Hizashi grinned. Izuku nodded furiously, trying to hide his face from his friend. Hizashi stayed like this for a while, watching Izuku play the game. Eventually, he finally lost all of the lives, and had beaten the high score three

times over.

“Hizashi, look! Look, I beat the high score!” He grinned proudly, and Hizashi felt his heart beat just a little faster.

Izuku was proud of something.

“Great job! You did awesome! I’ve never seen somebody who’s such a natural at video games like you are!” Hizashi praised him, picking him up and spinning him playfully. Izuku laughed, carefree and so genuinely happy.

Hizashi wished he laughed like that all the time.

“That was so much fun! Can we try something else? Maybe a crane game?” Izuku’s expression sparkled with that curiosity Hizashi had seen that morning, and Hizashi nodded.

“Yes, totally! I saw a really cool one over here. Do you think you could analyze this machine too? Does it work like that?” Hizashi asked, wondering how Izuku went about his process of thinking through things. The green haired teen grinned.

“Yeah! I-I could show you if you want, since I’ve played some crane games before… if it’s not, like, a-annoying or anything…” He said softly, and Hizashi dragged him to the machine he’d pointed out.

“It’s never annoying, I think it’s really cool how fast you think through stuff! Honestly, I could probably learn a thing or two from you. Do you go to the U.A hero course in your time, too?” Hizashi asked, and Izuku looked into the glass of the crane game a little saddened. It was the same sort of expression he had whenever he talked about All Might.

“... No, I don’t… I w-wouldn’t ever be able to get in. I’m quirkless, like I said, so…” he said, almost resigned. “B-But that’s okay! I’ll just, you know, apply myself to something else. Maybe cooking? You guys seem to think my cooking is pretty great!”

“It’s so good! You totally could be a chef if you wanted! But your mind is just as good, and I think you could at least get into the general course! There’s no rule that says you have to have a quirk to get in anymore. They did away with that rule a while back, after all.” Hizashi pointed out. “But don’t overthink it. Whatever you wanna do should be your first choice! Just go with your gut and you’ll be fine! Anyways, tell me how you’d tackle this baby.”

“O-Oh, right!” Izuku’s mood got right back up, dedicating his thoughts to the crane in front of him. “So, the first thing you’d wanna look at is the way the items are positioned! If they’re all, y’know, buried, then there’s no point in going for any of them. S-So look here, there’s one that’s unburied there, in the corner.”

True to form, there was a small, stuffed rabbit sitting in the corner, all of its limbs unburied, including its ears. It was a cream color, with a tiny red bow tie on the front. Hizashi nodded eagerly, waiting to hear more about how to master the way of the crane game.

“So, now we’ve got our target… Next, w-we should asses the claw itself. Is the grip any good? Does it spin when it goes down?” Izuku said, sticking a few coins in the slot. He positioned the claw over the rabbit, though it didn’t fully pick it up the first time. “Well, that’s okay, so now we know it has a decent enough grip to grab a toy that size. It doesn’t spin, s-so we don’t have to worry bout that factor. The best place to get a grip would be…. The head, since that’s the most exposed and grippable part.”

“Whoa, I had no idea so much went into winning at crane games!” Hizashi gushed, and Izuku smiled.

“I-It’s not too much, right? L-Let me know if I’m going overboard.” He insisted.

“Nah, you’re all good! Keep going, keep going!”

“Okay, so next you’ve just gotta position it right. Y-You can always move around the machine, so don’t forget to look at the ‘target’ from all angles, that way you know if you’ve got the claw just right over it.” Izuku made his concentrated face as he moved the crane again, occasionally stepping around to look at the rabbit through another side of the machine. Once he had it just where he wanted it, he released the claw, and it picked up the rabbit with ease, dropping it right into the prize chute.

“That was so cool!” Hizashi beamed, and Izuku grabbed the rabbit, handing it to his friend. “Huh? For me? Why don’t you keep it?”

“Well, um… I’m going back to the future eventually, so maybe… Something to keep from me?” Izuku muttered, entire face red. Hizashi took the rabbit gently in his hands. Looking at it, he wondered just how nice somebody could be! Especially considering everything he’d been through, Hizashi had no idea how Izuku ended up so sweet.

“Thank you! In return, let’s go do something really cool. That way we both have something! C’mon, I’ll show you!” Hizashi took Izuku’s hand, leading him to the other side of the arcade, where a giant booth with a curtain on the side sat. “It’s a picture booth! Let’s get some, and we’ll both keep them!”

“I’ve n-never done a picture booth e-either… You want to do one with m-me?” Izuku asked, almost surprised. Hizashi nodded firmly, and they both went inside. He put in some cash, and they got ready to take pictures together.

5, 4, 3, 2, 1… Click!

They took several pictures, some with normal faces, and some with Hizashi being… well, Hizashi. They even had one with the rabbit in the picture, and when they were done, they stepped out to get the finished product. Izuku looked at the strip of pictures, eyes wide as he clutched it to his chest protectively. He looked like Hizashi had just hung the moon and stars in the sky for him.

“M-My first picture with a f-friend…” He whispered breathlessly.

Hizashi would do anything to put that sort of look on Izuku’s face again.

After playing for a while more at the arcade, the two decided it was time to get lunch, so they found a small, American-themed cafe and tucked themselves away in a corner table. Izuku spread out his notebooks on the table as they munched on fries, and Hizashi looked at them curiously. He wondered what could be inside.

“This is just what I’ve observed while I’ve been here, so it’s not n-nearly as complete as the notes I have at home, but I’m happy to write down some basic ideas for your quirk and show you my thought process!” Izuku smiled, and pushed a book labelled “Past Hero Analysis #1” towards Hizashi. The blond teen opened it, surprised at just how perfect yet crammed the handwriting was. He was able to fit

so much on a single page, and since he'd gotten the journals he'd filled up nearly half of one. It was full of notes on the Heroes he'd seen on TV while at Shouta's apartment, with observations about their quirks, specialty moves, potential uses and ideas for improvements on the functionality of the quirk either through training or support items.

"And you get all of this… just from the clips they show on TV?" Hizashi asked, eyebrows raised. "This is a *lot*! This is, like, even better than some of my teacher's observations, dude! I think you should seriously think about the Gen Ed course at U.A with skills like these, you know!"

"I… really, I can't." Izuku said, that forlorn look returning to his face. "I know I can't, and it's not just m-me beating myself up or anything, r-really. I was… Somebody told me…"

"Told you what? That you couldn't get into U.A?" Hizashi snorted. "Whoever told you that must be a real idiot."

"..." Izuku was silent, pursing his lips for a moment before he spoke again. "Actually, I… When I was 14 I had my life saved by All Might. I asked him… if I could be a hero. H-He said I… I couldn't be a hero without a quirk. That I was being u-unrealistic. It hurt… a lot… but it wasn't anything that h-hadn't been said before. Th-That's how I know I couldn't get in to U.A. Even All Might said… i-it was impossible."

"Well then, All Might's an idiot." Hizashi shrugged, shoving another fry into his mouth. "Simple as that. Guy may be a hero, the Symbol of Peace and all that, but he's an idiot if he thinks *you* can't be a hero. More muscle than brain or something. With your quirk analysis skills, you'd be just like Shouta. Able to take advantage of a villain's different weaknesses, fight on an even playing field. You could be a hero if you want… ed… are you crying?"

Hizashi trailed off to see Izuku break down in tears, and he scrambled to figure out what the heck he'd said to upset him so much.

"S-Sorry, I…!" Izuku cried and pressed his palms to his eyes. "I just… N-Nobody's ever said I… I could be a H-Hero before…!"

"Well then, I'm glad I could be the first! Izuku, if you wanted, you could *definitely* be a Hero. Anybody who says otherwise is just plain blind."

Chapter End Notes

Izuku gets told he can be a hero!! His first step towards his dream!

This chapter was mostly an excuse to write nothing but fluff and then wholesome at the end I hope you guys like it lmao

Next chapter is also fluff, but with plot development! Hope to see you guys there!

Defense

Chapter Summary

Izuku learns to kick some ass!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shouta couldn't help but give the smallest smile as he listened to Izuku gush about his day at the arcade with Hizashi. It was kind of adorable, though he'd never say that out loud lest he risk Hizashi's teasing for the rest of his life. He appreciated Hizashi not leaving Izuku alone while he was gone, though - they'd only left Izuku alone a handful of times, and it seemed to set the green haired teen completely on edge.

Shouta was a quiet person by nature, though, and enjoyed the silence of his apartment. Surprisingly, it didn't change much, even with Izuku there. He was quiet, too - although in a different sort of way, like he was subconsciously going out of his way to make as little noise as possible. On the days they spent at home, Izuku would set the TV to the lowest volume and watch the Hero News channels, scribbling away in his notebooks. Hizashi had mentioned that Izuku's analytic skills were incredible, and honestly, Shouta believed it.

There was nothing in his surroundings that Izuku didn't take in. He was acutely aware of everything going on around him at any given time, aside from the few moments of nightmares or panic attacks. And somehow, throughout everything, he still had this overwhelming insistence that he was inferior because he was quirkless. Honestly, if Shouta didn't know any better, he would have assumed he was already an intern with a Hero agency despite being so young. He didn't understand how Izuku had such an inferiority complex. The only real, solid piece of Izuku's past he knew was that somebody - another person - had put those scars on Izuku's body, and that according to Izuku, there wasn't a single person in his life who had believed in him.

That fact alone made Shouta's blood boil. How could everyone - *everyone!* - just abandon Izuku like that? Not one single person had seen Izuku's worth and talent before him and Hizashi and Nedzu? He wanted to know more about Izuku's past. Who had wronged him,

what had happened. He wanted the story behind each and every single scar, so he could personally tell his friend that what happened was wrong each time. So that Izuku himself would understand that what happened *shouldn't* have, that he didn't *deserve* something so sickening. He wanted to hold his hands and run his fingers over the scars and tell them he was fine just the way he was. That he was wonderful and worth everything he could give, that he was a human and that he mattered too.

Shouta just really, really, wanted to care for Izuku. Was that weird? He wasn't sure.

So when Izuku had mentioned that Hizashi thought he could become a hero, he saw the perfect opportunity for him to do something good for Izuku.

"If you want, Izuku, I could teach you some basic self defense. It's nothing special, but it could get you on the road to Hero work. You could join the Gen Ed course of U.A, and then transfer into the Hero course using the Sports Festival. I managed to do decently just by myself, but if you work really hard and use your analysis skills, I think you'd have a solid shot at getting in the top 3. Then you could easily appeal for a transfer." Shouta had explained. It was their third week at the apartment, and he knew his time with Izuku was getting shorter. He didn't know what Izuku was going to return to in the future, but judging by the scars, he could almost guess. Shouta wanted something important to stay with him.

"Y-You, I…" Izuku spluttered, confused and surprised. He had been so focused on writing that it came as a complete blindside when Shouta responded to him. He had just been casually mentioning things about the day with Hizashi, not expecting that sort of response. "You think that's… p-possible? That I could learn?"

"Of course. I basically do most of my Hero training as hand-to-hand combat, anyways. I don't really have a quirk suited to beat people up, after all." Shouta joked, and Izuku had a look of recognition in his eyes.

"That's true, I guess." Izuku smiled weakly. "I think it might be a bit late, though… Wh-Where I'm from, the time I left, U.A had already sent out its admissions letters."

"Then get Principal Nedzu to make an exception. If he's still the Principal in your time, he'll remember you now, won't he? Just ask

him to take the test late or something. It's obvious you've made an impression on him already." Shouta shrugged. "There's a lot of options available for you, even if it isn't U.A, but I have a feeling that rat man would want you in his school."

"I… don't think he's a rat…" Izuku laughed a little, but nodded. "I see your point, though. I-I'll consider it, I suppose. Would you really not mind teaching me self defense, though…?"

"Nah, not at all. I have a feeling it would be more interesting than sparring with some of my classmates, anyways. Gotta keep up the strength over summer break, so it's good for me too." Shouta reassured him. "So, you just pick the day, and I'll take you to a place Hizashi and I train at sometimes."

Izuku had decided to take Shouta's offer the very next day, and he found himself at an old park, far out of the way from where many people travelled. It was quiet and peaceful, and the cool breeze made it a nice temperature for physical activity.

"Hizashi showed me this park," Shouta explained, "He said it was good for practicing his quirk in small amounts, though he can't really go all-out since there's still people. When it's empty he can be a bit louder, though. We train here on the weekends, sometimes. One time I even managed to tie Hizashi to a lamp post upside down with my capture weapon."

"I can't imagine Hizashi was very appreciative!" Izuku giggled at the thought. Shouta shook his head with a smirk.

"No, and he swears he's going to get back at me one day by somehow making me lick a lamp post in winter. No idea how he plans to pull that off, though." He chuckled. "Anyways, let's start with what you *do* know. Have you been taught anything about self-defense before?"

"Umm, I don't think so." Izuku said, adjusting his shirt. He was wearing loose-fitting clothes, good for working out in. "I mean, I've seen some stuff on TV that Heroes advertise, like, 'the more you know' type things…"

"Oh, that stuff. Yeah, that's not very helpful. I'll show you some

things. First, we'll just start off with stuff you can use if you're ever attacked. Not advanced fighting techniques or anything, I don't know all the rules of combat, but at least stuff you can use to keep from getting mugged or whatever the situation calls for." Shouta explained. Izuku nodded, determination filling his eyes. Shouta had never seen that sort of look on his face before, and he was almost proud to know that his help was putting it there.

"R-Right. I can do this." Izuku said softly, more to himself than anything else. Shouta nodded back and gestured to himself.

"First things first, know the body. Setting quirks aside, the main weak points on the human body are the eyes, nose, neck, knee, and groin. If you can, don't be afraid to hit those as hard as you can. Do whatever you need to to keep yourself safe, even if it's considered 'dirty fighting.' Your safety and the safety of those you might have to protect in a given situation is more important than your honor or the civility of a fight. You can bite, scratch, throw dirt in their eyes, whatever you need to do to keep yourself safe, okay?" Shouta explained. Izuku nodded, intently absorbing the information he was learning.

"Next," Shouta continued, "are the body parts *you* want to use. Use your elbows, knees or head. People often think of punches or kicks, but those can go wrong if you're not sure about what you're doing. There *is* a wrong way to throw punches, which will only hurt you. You can also use items around you if you have to, like I said with the dirt in the eyes. Use a bag, chair, anything you can get your hands on if you feel like it's necessary."

"What if I end up, like, r-really hurting somebody?" Izuku asked, a concerned expression now on his face. Shouta shook his head.

"It's self-defense. You're not actively going after people, you're protecting yourself from attacks. It's different, and you can't get in trouble for it so long as you don't go completely overboard. Hell, you could probably gouge somebody's eyes out and still be in the clear if the situation called for it - but once you feel like the threat is clear, you can't keep going. That's when you hit 'overboard.' So for example, you hit somebody over the head and knock them out to get away? Don't keep bashing their head in. Simple." Shouta shrugged. Izuku paled a little bit.

"That's… um… well, I get it, i-it's just… I don't know, I just feel like I would get in trouble no matter how little force I actually used…" Izuku explained.

“If you did, any police officer who arrested you would be in the wrong if it was self-defense. Like I said, you’re not going after people, and you’re not killing them, you’re only protecting yourself here.” Shouta insisted, and Izuku seemed to accept it.

“Now, as far as some actual basic moves go…”

Shouta and Izuku spent nearly the rest of the day practicing things, including how to get out of basic holds or positions and basic moves to fight back with. Izuku was still shaky with them, but Shouta was patient and never wavered. By the time they were done, Izuku was exhausted and drenched in sweat, but looking better than he had in a while. He seemed actively less skittish, just from the one lesson, and Shouta was happy with those results.

“Th-Thank you!” Izuku panted, hands on his knees for support. “This was… really fun!”

“Fun?” Shouta asked curiously, dabbing at the sweat on his brow with the neck of his shirt. Izuku nodded firmly.

“Yeah! F-Fun! Anything I get to do with you and Hizashi is really fun… And you guys aren’t, like, afraid of me… O-Or treat me like a baby.” He said, mumbling the last part. “A-A lot of people I know, i-if they didn’t hate me for being quirkless, I was still… u-useless to them. I couldn’t d-do anything myself, I was like a g-glass doll.”

“That sucks.” Shouta said plainly. “I mean, most quirks aren’t built for taking punches or stuff like that anyways, so I don’t know why they’d treat you any different… Just another thing I don’t understand, I guess. You talk about your life in the future sometimes, and I just don’t get it, you know? I don’t get how people can fall so far in just 15 years. Kids are mean, sure, but I couldn’t… I couldn’t imagine people being as cruel to somebody as people have been to you.”

“Cruel…?” Izuku tilted his head. “... I guess so… it’s hard to see it as cruel… It’s always been m-my fault. Just… getting what I deserve for being quirkless, I-I guess.”

Izuku’s tone had been so soft and normal it was hard to even process what he said for a second. Shouta’s fury bubbled to the surface for just

a second again, and he stared at Izuku with a look of pure indignation.

“ *Your fault* ? Getting what you *deserve* ? Izuku, I don’t know the story behind your scars, but that night you had the nightmare, you said that somebody had put them there. If you think you *deserve* that treatment, then you are sorely mistaken. Nobody deserves that, Izuku. *Nobody* .” Shouta stewed in his own anger for a minute, before realizing that Izuku had froze on the spot. Oh god, Shouta knew he made a mistake. Talking about the scars was a big no-no.

“I… I said… I said that?!” Izuku’s breathing picked up. “I-I didn’t… He wasn’t… it was a-accidents…! B-Because I… I’m quirkless, I can’t h-help it, I get hurt e-easily! I-I swear, it…!”

“Izuku, I’m sorry. I won’t talk about it any more, okay? It’s alright. Don’t worry about it. I won’t pretend you could possibly get all of those scars from accidents, but I won’t bring it up. I know you don’t like talking about it.” Shouta reassured him.

“I-If I talk about it…” Izuku sniffled, willing away the tears in his eyes, “He’ll get really m-mad…”

“Izuku, we’re 15 years in your past, whoever did this can’t hurt you. If you feel up for talking about it, we’ll always listen. We couldn’t do much anyways, remember? Your timeline and all that?” Shouta said, barely managing to keep a lid on his anger. He basically just got some kind of confirmation that somebody was hurting Izuku, and he wanted to *do* something about it.

“H-He can’t… he can’t find out here…” Izuku whispered, like he’d just unlocked a secret he’d been looking for. His face went from troubled to shocked, and he stared at Shouta for a moment before continuing. “Y-You would… want to know about my s-scars?”

“Yes.” Shouta replied immediately, moving to Izuku’s side. “That’s why I’m teaching you some self defense, so you won’t get any more of them. The last thing I want is for you to get hurt, but sometimes hurt can be mental too. Talking about it helps, but only if you’re willing. Hizashi too, he’s just as worried about your safety as I am.”

“I’ve never… I-It hurts, the scars, but e-everyone always says it’s m-my fault…! I want to t-tell people, but nobody ever b-believes me…” Izuku curled into Shouta’s side as the black-haired teen wrapped an arm around his shoulders.

“We believe you, Izuku. You can tell us as much or as little as you

want.” He said, guiding him out of the park. It was getting late, and the sun was sinking over the treeline, making everything bathed in an orange hue.

“I’d like to… to talk about it. M-Maybe not right now, but later?” Izuku asked, eyes peeking out from the curtain of curly green hair.

“Any time you want, Izuku. Not a moment before.”

The rest of the evening with Shouta was spent with greasy take-out and Hero observations, and Izuku couldn’t have been happier. He felt on top of the world, he felt believed in, he felt *comfortable*. He felt *wanted*. It was all he could’ve asked for, and then some.

He enjoyed Hizashi’s loud and happy demeanor, but he also really enjoyed the quiet, in-between moments with Shouta, where he felt natural and at home. He was so used to the silence of his own home that the sort of background noise of Shouta’s apartment was almost comforting. It wasn’t silent any more, just quiet, comfortable in the presence of each other. This was the sort of life he wished he could’ve had with his mother, before she shut herself off.

Time spent with Shouta was peaceful, and the few times he did get mad, Izuku could always feel that it was never like Bakugou’s. It wasn’t explosive, it wasn’t directed at him, and it never, ever hurt - Shouta’s anger was *for* him, in *defense* of him. It was a new feeling, somebody being angry on his behalf - but it made him feel cared for and protected in a strange sort of way.

As he sat in front of the TV, muscles sore and mouth full of food, Izuku knew he couldn’t go back to his old life like this. He wanted to stay where he was wanted, where he was comfortable, and cared for - and it scared him. He knew what it meant, the ache for a better life, for *any* life - and he knew what that ache would lead to.

Izuku didn’t want to die.

He didn't want to die, and he'd have to tell them he was going to.

Izuku only prayed they'd remember him. It was his only chance, and he was going to be brave and selfish and a little reckless and *take* it, because Shouta and Hizashi made him feel like he could. They made him feel like he had a place in life, that he could ask for things and not have his requests shoved back down his throat with a nitroglycerin-covered fist.

"H-Hey, Shouta? Tomorrow, when Hizashi gets back, I… I want to tell you guys something. Is that okay? I-It's important."

Chapter End Notes

> Uhh... oops? I had originally planned for this chapter to be mostly more fluff with a little bit of plot but it ended up being... not that? Oh well, I like how it came out anyways lmao, I hope you all enjoyed this chapter!
>
> Also, holy cow, 3.6k hits and 350+ kudos?!?!?! I feel so loved in the club, thank you guys so much for the support!!
>
> - daylightbreaks

Rebirth

Chapter Summary

Izuku tells them everything.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

15 Years in the Future

“Hey, Shouta!” A cheery voice called. Shouta picked his head up from his desk, sleep in his eyes, and looked over to the owner of said voice. It was his coworker, Nemuri, aka Midnight.

“What? What do you want?” He asked, still fresh from his nap and grumpy as ever. Nemuri paid no mind and draped herself over his shoulders, eying his desk. Her eyes stopped on a small, framed picture with a date carved into the frame.

“Well, I *was* gonna ask you about a student, but now I’m *much* more curious about this!” She pointed to the the photograph. There were two teens in the photo, in what looked like an old photo booth picture. She recognized one as Hizashi from when they were younger, but the other teen was a mystery to her. “Who’s this? And what’s with this date? Isn’t that like next week?”

“None of your business.” Shouta placed the picture face-down with a grumble. Nemuri pouted and made a whiny sort of noise.

“C’mon! You can tell me! Childhood friend or something? You only ever talk about Hizashi being your friend at U.A when we went, I wanna know the juicy secrets!” She pleaded, using her best puppy eyes on him. Shouta only rolled his in response.

“If you really have to know, the date is a promise I made to somebody a long time ago. Now can you please leave me alone? I was trying to nap.” He sighed, laying his head back down on the desk. Nemuri’s face scrunched in confusion.

“A promise? I don’t get it…”

15 Years in the Past

Izuku knows he needs to tell them. He wants to tell them. But it's so terrifying, to bare your soul with the possibility of having it smashed against concrete if they didn't believe or remember him. Well, Izuku supposed they'd believe him - Shouta had insisted they would. But remembering for 15 years was an entirely different matter. It wasn't going to stop him, though - he was going to say it, and risk the chance. He was going to tell them, and if they saved him, he'd prove to everyone who had ever beat him down that he had friends. He was a person. He could be a Hero.

Still, it was terrifying.

His hands shook and his scars ached with phantom pains of lessons burned into the skin. Every time he'd been told 'no' was written like a story on his body, and it was hard to forget. But glaringly, above all of the reminders of his place in the world, were the two people who had told him he could be more. That he already was more, simply by existing. The words of his two friends were worth more than the scars on his skin, so he'd risk everything for them.

Izuku could do this. He already told them he was from the future, about changing their timelines irrevocably, and not once had they reacted the way he thought. He just had to trust them. He could trust them, they believed in him, they were heroes in the future! He could tell them.

Still, he was terrified.

His hands wouldn't stop shaking even as he cooked breakfast, and he felt the all too familiar anxiety bubble up in his chest as they ate. When they were done, he planned to sit down and tell them *everything*. Everything that others had ignored his entire life, that he had gotten blamed for, that he had marred onto his body - he was going to say it all. And he hoped beyond hope that they would still remember him in the future.

"So, Izuku, what did you want to talk about?" Hizashi asked, expression one of gentle worry. They'd finished breakfast and did the dishes, and it was finally time. He took a deep breath and then took Hizashi and Shouta's hands in his own, and they all sat around the coffee table where Izuku liked to take his notes. He didn't let go for a second, sacred that if he let go, he might just lose all the nerves he'd

built up for this.

“I… I want to tell you something very important. It’s a bit long and I might ramble a little, b-but I hope you both are okay with listening…” He said softly. Shouta and Hizashi both nodded.

“Of course, we’re always here to listen, Izuku.” Shouta assured, and Izuku nodded back.

“R-Right. So, I guess, um, where to start… I had a friend, when I was little. I called him K… Kacchan. I don’t call him that any more.” Izuku started, scars already aching at the thought of his childhood. “He and I would always play Heroes together… and then when we were four, he got his… q-quirk. He got a really, really strong one. I… didn’t. He didn’t w-want to play with me after that. Instead, he just said I was, you know, q-quirkless. Useless… Deku.”

Shouta’s grip on his hand became a little tighter.

“Then m-my dad left, and my mom got really, really quiet. S-She hasn’t really… talked to me properly in years. She just goes to work and comes home and leaves me money for g-groceries and such… I had to learn to do everything myself. Cooking, cleaning, e-everything. I’m so used to it that it’s a-almost uncomfortable not to.” He admitted shyly, and suddenly his need to cook and clean became apparent. He hadn’t known any other way but his own. “I’ve basically been taking care of m-myself since I was, um, six or seven, maybe?”

Hizashi’s grip tightened next.

“But that was o-okay, I suppose… I don’t mind that so much. B-But Kacchan…” the nickname left a bitter taste in his mouth, and Izuku frowned. “Bakugou… He… He used everything against me. N-No matter what I did, it wasn’t… good enough. Wasn’t right. I was always D-Deku to him. I just wanted to see him happy, we used to be f-friends, you know? I wanted him to succeed at being a Hero. But h-he never saw it that way. He thought I was m-mocking him. Eventually it j-just wasn’t enough I guess… And he saw the only way I could be useful…”

Izuku felt the tears burning in his eyes, but he was determined to finish this without crying.

“So he told me to let him p-practice his quirk on me.”

“Oh my god…” Hizashi almost wasn’t heard, and his face was pale as

he realized where it was going. He almost didn't want to know, but he was going to let Izuku say as much as he wanted.

"I told him no," Izuku continued, his own voice quiet and choked. "I told him no. That was… a-a mistake. He h-hates being told no. So he did it anyways, and it hurt… it burned so much… and he just kept doing it…! E-Even his friends j-joined in, and before I was even 10, everybody in school just… decided to test quirks out on me b-because I couldn't fight back!"

"Izuku…" Shouta croaked, his own voice raw with emotion. For the first time in a long while, he genuinely felt like he might cry.

"The teachers… m-my mom… everyone said it was b-because I was quirkless and got into a-accidents or that I was a-asking for it… N-Nobody believed me… I tried to tell somebody once, and th-that… That made Bakugou so… so mad… he just…" With shaky hands, Izuku let go of his friends and reached for his shirt. He took another deep breath. He could do this. He lifted up the hem of his shirt to reveal something that made Shouta and Hizashi sick to their stomachs.

On his chest, just over where his heart would be, was a gnarled, red scar in the shape a of a handprint. Spreading outwards from the hand were burn scars like a firework, so large it took up nearly half of his shoulder and reached down to his ribs. Around it were other starburst scars and mottled mixes of skin that were clearly home-healed.

"That… That was what happened b-because I tried to tell somebody… A-And even in the hospital… it was my fault…! So I just… took it. Because u-until you guys, nobody had ever cared… o-or believed me… And I was so tired… so sick of being hurt, of being useless, of everybody t-telling me I could never be what I w-wanted… Even All Might told me I couldn't be a Hero… that I sh-should be realistic."

Izuku lowered his shirt back down, hands still trembling as they found their places with Shouta and Hizashi's.

"S-So finally, just before I wound up hit by that quirk… Bakugou got his acceptance letter to U.A… and h-he came over to rub it in, I g-guess… He showed it to me and said that if I… If I wanted a quirk, I should… 't-take a swan dive off of the roof and pray for a quirk in my n-next life.'" Izuku couldn't held it in any more, and finally a strangled sob wrenched itself from his throat. Tears spilled down his face as he pushed on.

"I c-couldn't take it any more! I was so tired of e-everything so I… I

listened to him…! I went to the roof of my school and I… I jumped!" he cried, and Hizashi lurched forward to grab him in a hug. Both he and Shouta were crying now, too. "I thought I was going to die, that it would just be o-over, and I could just b-be at peace… but somebody… somebody saw me, somebody with a t-time travel quirk… they hit me with it while I was falling…"

"Izuku!" Hizashi gripped his shirt tightly. "I'm so glad you were hit by that quirk! You didn't deserve any of that! None of it was your fault!"

"It's only because of you guys that I can say… I-I don't want to die any more!" Izuku sobbed, and Shouta found himself being dragged into the hug as well. "But the quirk is going to send me back when my time here is f-finished, and it will put me r-right back where I left off falling… s-so please, Shouta, Hizashi, I want to be selfish and ask for your help… in 15 years, please save my life! Please, please, don't let me die, please don't forget me!"

"You don't even have to ask, Izuku, of course we will." Shouta pressed his forehead against Izuku's, tears in his eyes. "I'm so glad you told us. I don't know what we would've done if… if you hadn't…"

"We'll be there, no matter how long it takes! I promise you, we won't let you fall." Hizashi swore, clutching onto Izuku's hand and shirt like it was a lifeline.

"I promise too, Izuku, no matter the time between now and then, we'll catch you. I promise I won't forget." Shouta murmured, tears now streaking his face. He pressed a trembling kiss to the top of Izuku's head, and all Izuku could do was cry.

He'd told them, and they promised.

Telling Nedzu was an entirely different matter. After they'd all calmed down, Shouta had suggested telling Nedzu so that they could set up a sort of plan for both catching Izuku and helping him work towards his dreams. Hizashi had insisted he show Nedzu his analysis notebooks, because apparently the Principal would find his abilities fascinating, too. Izuku wasn't so sure about that part, but he would trust Hizashi's advice and show him anyways.

So for his third meeting with Nedzu, he'd gathered up his notebooks and materials, and was ready for his checkup. He couldn't bring himself to recount the story again - the first time was exhausting enough - so Shouta and Hizashi offered to do it for him. He accepted with relief. He definitely wouldn't be able to sit through another retelling.

Nedzu listened to each and every word carefully, his expression darkening as it went on. He couldn't believe the level of negligence, abuse and neglect Izuku had suffered throughout his life. How could the system fail so *spectacularly* ? To just ignore and even participate in the life Izuku had suffered through? He'd spend the next 15 years preparing to tear down Aldera Jr. High and everyone who had laid a hand on Izuku.

When Izuku told him about the notebooks, however, his expression lightened, and he became very interested in his hobbies. He flipped through the pages and was shocked to find near-Pro levels of analysis on quirks, fighting styles, applications of Heroes and other things that could be used to vastly improve one's abilities on the field. Izuku had insisted it was just a hobby, and Hizashi explained that he'd written all of this just from what he gathered on TV. That fact alone was shocking, that he could gather such a thorough analysis from only news clips.

"Well," Nedzu started, closing the notebook and sliding it back across the desk, "you certainly have a talent for analysis, Midoriya-san. I think that if you were to come to U.A in your time, we'd be able to help you develop it into a rather sharp edge, so to speak. Would you be interested in being a student here?"

"Interested in…?" Izuku trailed off, his eyes wide with hope. "It was my ch-childhood dream to go to U.A!"

"Then, provided I am still the Principal in your time - which I have no plans to leave, mind you - I will keep a close eye on you until the time when you return from the quirk. Afterwards, I would like to take you on as a personal student, and have one of the teachers instruct you in a martial art, perhaps. You wouldn't be able to enter the Hero course immediately, as you've said the acceptance letters were already sent, but these books alone are worth an admittance to the Gen Ed course. If you still wish to try for the Hero Course, you should participate in the Sports Festival, and use your abilities to read your opponents and take a place in the top 3." Nedzu explained with smile. Izuku looked at him with a sort of awe, tears already in his eyes.

“Y-Y-You mean I… I could go to… to U.A?” He asked, voice crackling. Nedzu chuckled.

“Midoriya-san, in 15 years, you will already be a student. I’ll have everything set up. I’d be a fool not to accept such a bright young mind!” he laughed, then his expression went serious again. “Of course, as you said, we won’t be able to interfere with your life. We would be forced to let you go through everything you went through to get to that point. So I’ll ask you, Aizawa-san, Yamada-san, you must not interfere with Izuku’s life. As much as it pains all of us to do so, we would never have met him otherwise. I mean this with everything I have, you two - *do not* interfere with his life until we can catch him in 15 years, understand? Afterwards, I will have everything I need to make amends.”

“Yes, sir.” Shouta nodded, then Hizashi. They knew the consequences of interfering. The second they changed even a miniscule event in Izuku’s life, they’d forget everything about him. He would never have met them, because they altered his life.

“Good. Now then, Midoriya-san, since we know about everything… Would you be so kind as to allow Recovery Girl a look at you? A full workup, that way we can determine if everything healed properly aside from the outside. If you have any long-lasting damage, it may affect your ability to get into the Hero Course.” Nedzu explained. Izuku nodded.

“I-I have, like, aches sometimes, but I think they’re more… um… psychological than actual pains? If that makes sense…” He said quietly. Nedzu nodded understandingly.

“Yes, that makes perfect sense. Still, have Recovery Girl check you out. In the meantime, I have a lot of work to do regarding your situation…” Nedzu had a dark smile on his face and both Shouta and Hizashi shuddered to think of what their Principal would do to the people who hurt Izuku. They had no idea what was coming…

“Well, let’s go see Recovery Girl!” Hizashi smiled, trying to lighten the mood for Izuku. “We’ll show you the way. U.A can be a little confusing, sometimes.”

“O-Okay! Lead the way!”

The checkup with Recovery Girl was difficult, if only because he had to show her every scar he'd gotten over his lifetime, and she poked and prodded and looked at each. She did full scans, in order to make sure that everything was still correct with his body. In the end, there was no permanent damage to any bones, muscles or nerves and Izuku was grateful for that. He had a chance, a shot at proving everybody wrong. He could be a Hero. He *would* be a Hero.

He was going to be a quirkless Hero - and he was going to prove himself even to All Might. He had friends, he had a… father figure(?) in Nedzu (he still wasn't sure how to quantify that relationship, but he was grateful for it nonetheless), and he had a *chance*.

All he had to do was trust them, and hope they still remembered.

Chapter End Notes

OOF. Big oof. This chapter was so hard to write!!! I hope it's still good though! Izuku is loved and he's starting to figure it out, also protective Dadzu on the scene

Meanwhile Shouta and Hizashi are about to kick a middle school student's ass in the future

(Btw, did you guys like the sneak peek into the future? Would you want more of those?)

Anyways, see you guys next chapter! We're nearing the end, so get ready!

- daylightbreaks

Bloom

Chapter Summary

Izuku goes to a festival!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next week went by almost quietly, with Shouta and Hizashi's return to school looming over them. They didn't want to go back, but they had to, and Izuku's first month was almost up. He had no idea if he'd be spending another one, but it would be a lot less enjoyable with both of his friends being gone all day for most of the week.

"Yo, Shouta, Izuku! I had an idea, if you're interested!" Hizashi offered one day at lunch, and the other two looked up to him curiously. "Well, I don't know if Izuku's ever been to one… so we should take him to a festival before the end of summer break! There's one tomorrow, down by the river, and I think it would be really fun, y'know?"

"A… Festival?" Izuku asked. "I've seen and heard them before, but I've never been to one, at least none I was old enough to remember… Are they fun?"

"You've never been to a festival?" Shouta asked, raising an eyebrow. "They're a little loud, but some people enjoy going to them. Usually they're something you do with friends. If you want, we could go? We'd have to go out and get you a yukata, but I don't see an issue."

"I think… yes, I'd like to go! I want to do as much with you guys as I can, before I go." Izuku smiled, and they both smiled back.

"Okay, it's settled then. Tomorrow, we'll go to the summer festival!" Hizashi cheered. "But first, we should probably clean up lunch."

The process of picking out a yukata was easier said than done, since Izuku had only worn one when he was very young and could barely

remember how to wear one. He finally settled on a design, though, and took it home for the festival the next day. He was excited to wear his, and see his friends in theirs. Festival time came quickly, and Izuku was more excited than he had been in a while. It was strange, doing something so public, like he was saying to the world: “Hey! I have friends, look at me!”

But Izuku didn’t mind. And he wanted to be strong, because they didn’t mind his scars, so he decided not to wear his arm covers. Shouta and Hizashi liked him just the way he was, and that was good enough for him. So he pulled on his brand-new yukata the day of the festival, tied it up, and got ready to go. He would be fine showing his scars. He had no idea what to really expect, never having been to one properly, but he was eager nonetheless.

When he stepped out of the guest bedroom, he was surprised to see Shouta and Hizashi already in theirs. Shouta was wearing a plain, white yukata with a black tie around the waist. The hem had black waves embroidered on it, with grey pinstripes along the rest. Hizashi’s was black, with gold and white fireworks printed on the design, and a silky gold tie on the waist. Shouta had his normally long hair in a tiny ponytail, and combined with the yukata, it made his neck very open and his jawline exposed. Hizashi, on the other hand, had his normally gelled hair down, hitting just past his shoulders and framing his face.

They both looked really nice in yukatas, and Izuku was a little embarrassed in his own, but stepped out into the living room anyways. He wore a soft, pastel green yukata with white stripes, and a black tie around the waist and the shoulders, keeping his sleeves up and his arms exposed. When Shouta and Hizashi saw him, they both turned and they looked surprised. Izuku blushed a little under all the attention, still not quite used to it.

“Wow, Izuku, you look fantastic!” Hizashi grinned. Shouta nodded in agreement.

“Yeah, you look really nice.” He said, almost shyly. Izuku’s whole face went red at the compliments, but he smiled anyways.

“Th-Thanks! You guys too, you look good!” He returned the compliments, and then it was their turn to be red. “You’re sure it’s okay if I show my arms…? It won’t bother you?”

“Izuku, we’re never bothered by you. Your arms are just fine, it’s your choice to show them.” Hizashi said, and Izuku smiled brightly.

“Right! I don’t mind as long as it’s you guys.” He said, as if they could do anything and Izuku wouldn’t care. They probably could, but they only wanted to show him respect and care.

“W-Well,” Shouta cleared his throat, “We should get going. The festival starts soon. Oh, and Izuku, we wanted to ask, would you be comfortable staying to watch the fireworks? We know how you get around loud noises like that, especially, you know, exploding ones.”

“Oh, um… Maybe? I’ve heard them before but I’ve never stayed to watch. I-I’d like to try, at least. I’ll let you know if it’s too much.” He reassured, and that was enough for them. He knew his limits, and even if he didn’t say anything, they could always tell when Izuku was having enough of something. They led the way out of the apartment, and he could see in the distance a festival going on by a river nearby. People were already gathering together at the entrance, crowd bigger than Izuku had been in beginning to form.

Izuku looked over the city and watched the glow of the sun sink over the buildings, and he knew he wanted to experience everything that came with being with friends, no matter what.

It didn’t take them long to get there, living close by. It was in a small, out of the way shrine by the river, the whole place lit up with lanterns and the smell of food wafting through the air. There were so many colorful booths, all with different games and refreshments and activities. Izuku looked around at them in awe, not sure where to start. There was just so much to do! Luckily for him and Shouta, Hizashi had enough energy for the both of them and plenty of ideas to have fun.

The festival was loud and outgoing and a bit of sensory overload, but Izuku wouldn’t trade it for anything. There was just so much of everything to do, lanterns floating in the river and strung up all around the shrine it was being hosted at. Izuku couldn’t take his eyes off of any of it, entranced by everything. Shouta and Hizashi, on the other hand, couldn’t stop watching Izuku, happy that he was enjoying himself so much. Izuku looked at everything around him with an almost reverent gaze, intense and burning and excitable like he always was when he was learning about something new. It never ceased to draw in his two friends, the sheer passion he had for life and learning.

They were glad to be the ones to show him the world, so to speak.

Izuku's first stop was trying food from the festival stalls. He hadn't eaten much that day, excited to try as much as possible at the festival. He bought yakisoba and takoyaki, shared it with Shouta and Hizashi, and was delighted when it was as good as he was expecting. The stall vendors loved Izuku, too, happy to serve a customer as personable as he was. He tried taiyaki and all sorts of treats on sticks next, and decided immediately that cotton candy was his favorite festival treat. Food was an integral part of any festival experience, and Izuku clearly capitalized on that.

Hizashi insisted they try games next - he was intent on putting Izuku's analysis to use on the often rigged prize-winning ones. He was surprised to find that Izuku wasn't as good with the carnival games as the ones in the arcade, but he made do and was still able to win a few things. He wanted to win Izuku a goldfish from the scooping game, but Shouta gently reminded him that he wouldn't be able to keep it. He pouted the entire time, but accepted his goldfish-less fate anyways.

"Ah, Hizashi, look over there!" Izuku pointed to a different booth. It had prizes lined up in the back and cork rifles on the sill. "It's an All Might figure, in that shooting game! It's such a rare and limited edition one in my time, it must be one of his older costumes!"

"I don't know how you still like All Might even after he said that stuff to you." Shouta huffed. Izuku smiled a little, but shook his head.

"He's a Symbol, you know? It's hard not to like him, even after… well. Besides, he's not really my favorite Hero in the future, anyways. He used to be, when I was younger, but it changed after I found some Heroes I thought were even cooler." Izuku's smile spread to a grin, like he knew something they didn't.

"Oh yeah?" Hizashi piped up, curious, "Who's your favorite Heroes, then?"

"Well… My favorite Heroes are both of you!" He laughed a little, and Shouta's eyes went wide. Izuku thought *he* was… his favorite hero? Hizashi, too? "Without giving away *too* much about the future, you guys both fight mostly quirkless. Hizashi does when his quirk is too much for civilians, and I just thought… i-it was really cool, you know? You inspired me a lot, even when others said I could never be a Hero."

"Izuku… I'm glad I could inspire you. But… I want to be an underground hero. How did you find out about me?" Shouta asked,

though he turned his head so Izuku couldn't see his face. He was a bit embarrassed at being told he was somebody's favorite Hero.

"I'm, um, persistent, I guess? I wanted to know if there were any quirkless Heroes and eventually just found you both after a lot of hard work." Izuku explained. Hizashi grinned and slung an arm around his shoulders.

"Aww, I'm happy we could be cool Heroes for you, Izuku! I feel better about my future career if I can inspire somebody like you." he ruffled Izuku's hair, and then pointed to the game. "Why don't we try to win that All Might figure? Another thing to take with you!"

"Oh! Can we? It seems like fun!" And with that, he was dragged off to the game to play. Shouta watched with amusement as Hizashi got an earful of how to go about a shooting gallery game (courtesy of a future Hero named 'Snipe,' apparently). After a few mishaps, the figure came tumbling down with ease. Izuku really did have a love for life, and it drew Shouta's thoughts back to what he had told them a week ago.

Izuku had jumped. He had wanted to be done with his own life at age 15. He could see the scars, and the one on his chest was beyond anything he could've imagined. Still, he couldn't help but wonder… what kind of so called 'life' would one have been put through in order for somebody as driven as Izuku to give up? It was a terrifying and dark thought. It was second only to the thought that he wanted to make sure Izuku's life was never like that again, one thought he was sure Hizashi shared with him.

Now wasn't the time to think about it, though - he was here to make sure Izuku had fun, and by extension, that meant he had to have fun. Izuku picked up on other's emotions really easily, and he wasn't about to mess up a wonderful evening.

The next stop was the shrine itself, decked head to toe in decorations and people in official shrine attire doing some kind of dance. It was a yearly festival dance, and Izuku found himself drawn in by the movements of the shrine attendants. He ended up moving along just a bit, enjoying the rhythm of the music and the atmosphere of the shrine. The lights of the lanterns and sunset glimmered in Izuku's eyes and gave him an otherworldly look. His face shone with all the light of somebody who had been given the ultimate treasure.

Shouta and Hizashi's faces shone with the same light when they

looked at their friend.

“You having fun?” Shouta asked, a small, amused smile on his face as he watched Izuku bounce in time with the music. Izuku nodded enthusiastically.

“Yeah! This is so much fun! It’s like…” He seemed to pause, still bouncing as he gathered his thoughts. “It’s kind of like I get to show everybody I have friends! All these people… they get to see me being happy, it’s almost… I dunno, it’s like saying to the world that I exist! I’m here! Is that… is that weird?”

“No... not at all.” Shouta nodded understandingly. It was like a slap in the face to everybody who’d told him he was worthless, being in public with people who cared about him. It made Izuku happy, so that was all that mattered.

“Plus, I get to spend time with you and Hizashi… I’m happy no matter what we do if it’s with you guys. I don’t know how it’ll work out in the future… but I hope we can keep doing things together. E-Even if you’re older, would you... still be my friends? I know it’s a lot to ask for… But being friends with both of you has made me so happy…”

“Izuku, we’ll always be friends. No matter what.” Shouta said, and it was firm and Izuku believed him. Shouta never lied or held anything back. If he said they’d always be friends… well, Izuku had no choice but to believe him.

“Yeah! We can’t show favoritism as Pro Heroes, but outside of work, we’ll be happy to hang out!” Hizashi reassured him. “You’re our friend, Izuku, no matter what, like Shouta said. We’ll help you through whatever you need.”

“Okay… okay. Thank you,” Izuku smiled genuinely, the corners of his eyes crinkling. “Really, thank you so much, for everything you’ve both done for me.”

The final stop of the festival was the fireworks. They made their way down to the river where groups of people stuck together, some friends and some families. Shouta and Hizashi picked a spot for them, and they sat on the grass, eyes up to the stars. The night had settled over them like a blanket, glistening lights shining down on them as if to keep them warm even from millions of lightyears away. Izuku always did like the stars, and the festival night was no exception.

With a whir and a hiss and a bang, the first firework exploded,

blossoming in the sky like a flower. The noise nearly gave Izuku a heart attack, reminding him almost too much of Bakugou - *pop pop boom, smoke, burning flesh, useless, quirkless, searing, burning* - but the color and sparkle gave way to wonder. Izuku's eyes were wide at the vivid lights in the sky - blue, purple, red, green, white, yellow, gold, glitter and glam, and everything in between. The explosions became only an after thought, noises lost as he leaned into his friends.

Hizashi wrapped a protective arm around Izuku's waist, and Izuku leaned against Shouta's shoulder to watch the sky. He hadn't ever seen anything so *beautiful* in combustion before. It was always violent and forceful from Bakugou's hands, but now it was tender and passionate as it lit up the sky. Izuku almost couldn't believe it. It was bright and loud and everything he'd expect from Bakugou yet nothing like him at all, simply because he was there with his friends.

"They're… So beautiful…" Izuku said, almost breathless as he watched the display. Shouta smiled peacefully at Izuku's voice, happy he could enjoy something that would otherwise probably terrify him.

"Mm." Shouta gave a hum of agreement. "Fireworks are always pretty fun."

"I want to see them again some time." Izuku said softly. Hizashi laced his fingers with Izuku's and smiled.

"Well then, we'll have to take you to another festival in the future." He said. Shouta nodded, following Hizashi's lead and taking hold of Izuku's other hand.

"As many as you want. We'll go to all of them."

"As long as I'm with you guys." Izuku murmured.

And while they rested on the grass, watching the fireworks, Izuku felt like he'd been yanked backwards, the feeling of falling overwhelming his senses.

You'll feel it pulling you about a day before you're due back!

Izuku's eyes went wide. He was going back tomorrow. He looked between his friends and held onto them tightly. Then, to himself, he

whispered:

“I don’t want to go.”

15 Years in the Future

“Hey, Yamada-sensei!” One of the students in the classroom stayed behind after the bell rang, and Hizashi gave his signature grin.

“What’s up, little listener?” He asked, leaning back in his desk chair. The student gave a sheepish smile back.

“Well, I was wondering, are you an All Might fan, too? You keep one of those really old figures on your desk all the time, so…” he trailed off. Hizashi looked at the figure, still perfectly intact in its box and the plastic untouched. Hizashi shook his head.

“Nah, not really. I mean, I respect him as the Symbol of Peace and all that, but this figure isn’t cause I’m a fan. This belonged to a friend of mine a long time ago! I’m keeping it safe for him until I can see him again.” He said, his grin fading into something akin to a somber remembrance.

“Oh, I’m sorry, sensei, I didn’t mean to bring up bad memories.” The student bowed apologetically, and Hizashi laughed, bounding back to his happy go lucky self.

“No worries, kiddo, you’re just fine! He’s not dead or anything, we just haven’t seen each other in a long time. I’ll see him soon, though. Not too much longer.” He said, his eyes stony with determination. The student looked a little confused, but happy for him anyways.

“Well, that’s good then. Thank you for humoring me, sensei! See you in class tomorrow!” The student waved and stepped out of the classroom. Hizashi placed a delicate hand on the boxed figure, smiling softly at it.

“We’re coming to get you soon, Izuku. We promised.”

Chapter End Notes

Uh ohhh, it's time!!!! His last day there is coming!

See you guys in the next chapter!
- daylightbreaks

Not Goodbye

Chapter Summary

Izuku's time is up.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The entire night, Izuku was quiet. He spent it writing in his journal, as much as possible, until nearly every page was crammed to the gills. He hardly got any sleep, too worried about going back to think about anything else. He only stopped when Shouta had forced him to, practically dragging him to the futon against his will just so he would rest.

The next morning, he made the biggest breakfast yet, and did as much as he could around the apartment. Made meals ahead of time for Shouta and Hizashi to take with them to school that week, cleaned every inch of the guest room he'd taken up, and packed away all of his things neatly in a box, aside from what he was taking back directly. Shouta had asked what he was doing, but he didn't say a word. He wanted to to be ready to tell them, and he could feel the pull of the quirk getting stronger with each passing hour.

"Izuku, c'mon, you've been working all day! Come hang out with us!" Hizashi whined, leaning off the arm of the couch. Izuku smiled and shook his head. It was afternoon, now, and he could feel it practically tugging on his insides. He could feel the air moving past him in slow-motion, ready to go back to falling.

"I can't, I'm sorry, I have to finish these things." he said apologetically, putting away the cleaning supplies. "I'll be with you as soon as I'm done, okay?"

"Alright," he sighed dramatically, "but I call dibs on you when you're done! No Izuku for Shouta!"

"Hey!" Shouta said, a little indignant. "You can't call dibs on a person, Hizashi!"

"Can too! I just did." He stuck out his tongue playfully. Shouta just rolled his eyes at Hizashi's antics.

“What are you cleaning so much for, anyways? Did you have a nightmare last night?” Shouta asked, and Izuku shook his head. He went into the guest bedroom and came back out with his backpack and one of his journals labelled ‘My Time in the Past.’ It was the one he’d been writing in non-stop, and his friends looked at him with confused expressions.

“Here, take this, please.” He said, handing it to Shouta. “I’m… going back tonight. I felt the pull last night, during the fireworks display. It has what you need to come and get me in the future. The date, time, and location.”

“What?!” Shouta stood, taking the journal in his hands. “You’re going back and you didn’t say anything? We would’ve helped you!”

“I-I know!” Izuku jumped at the sudden outburst, hands up defensively. “I just got, you know, a-anxious about it, so I figured cleaning and cooking would help! It did, so I’m telling you now that I’m calm!”

“... I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you.” Shouta sighed. “But you’re going back… and we won’t see you for 15 years! We could’ve done something with you today to see you off.”

“This is exactly how I’d want to spend my last day, being around both of you and doing what helps me calm down. I’ve been so happy here with you guys… I just wanted to spend some time with both of you in peace.” Izuku smiled brightly.

“I mean… are you sure, Izuku? Is there anything we can do before you go? Nothing you want to do or see within your time limit?” Hizashi asked, and Izuku paused for a moment.

“I think… I’d just like to watch a movie here with you both. Nothing special. That way it feels less like a goodbye… and more like an ‘I’ll see you later,’ you know?” Izuku explained. Hizashi sighed this time as he nodded.

“I guess, if that’s what you want. You pick, we’ll make snacks! And we’ll have to make a call to Principal Nedzu, I’m sure he’ll want to say bye too!” He insisted, and Izuku nodded.

“That sounds perfect!”

In the end, they settled on an old pre-quirk superhero movie, and settled down on the couch to start. Before they did, though, Hizashi pressed his phone into Izuku's hand and gave him a look that said he wasn't getting out of a phone call to their Principal. Izuku sighed, resigned to his fate. He dialed up Nedzu's school phone number, and it rang a few times before he picked up.

"Hello, Yamada-san, how can I help you?" Came Nedzu's cheery voice over the phone.

"Ah, actually, this is Midoriya, sir. I wanted to call and let you know that I'm going to be returning to my time tonight. I felt the pull yesterday, and Hizashi made sure I let you know." Izuku explained, and he heard the Principal make a thoughtful sort of noise on the other end.

"I see. Would you like your return to be private? I was going to ask if we could watch to study the quirk, but I understand if it's something you don't want to be seen."

"Ah… yes, I think I would like it to be. I'd prefer if it was just Shouta, Hizashi and I… I hope that isn't an inconvenience." Izuku mumbled, a bit nervous to be saying no to Nedzu.

"*Certainly not, don't worry about it. We'll have the chance to observe when the quirk takes place in the future, after all. I wish you a safe journey, Midoriya-san, and I look forward to having you as a student."*

"Ah, me too, sir! I look forward to learning with you! And please, I know it will be a long time for everyone on this side of things… so I've left some things here, my analysis journals on the Heroes of this time. I hope you can find them useful, and please, take care of Shouta and Hizashi while I'm gone..." Izuku asked, trying not to get emotional.

"*You have my word, Midoriya-san. They'll be taken care of to the best of my abilities at U.A. I suppose we'll be seeing eachother soon, yes?"*

"Yes, soon." Izuku gave a dry laugh. "Thank you for everything, Principal Nedzu. It means the world to me. I'll see you when I get back."

"See you then, Izuku."

Click.

Izuku's hands shook as he pressed the end call button. Shouta took it gently from his hands and put it on the table. Izuku held in the tears, determined not to cry for his friends' sakes. They were the ones having to wait the longest, and he felt it was unfair to them to get emotional… but he couldn't help it. Nedzu had been so kind and understanding, and here he was, saying goodbye for 15 years. Izuku felt terrible for it.

"Shh, it's okay." Shouta's voice rumbled, and Izuku curled into his side. "Like you said, it's not a goodbye. It's a 'see you later.'"

"Exactly. We'll see you again, Izuku." Hizashi draped himself over both Izuku and Shouta's laps. "So don't worry, we've got you, okay? Let's just watch the movie and enjoy the rest of the night, yeah?"

"Y-Yeah." Izuku sniffled, and turned his attention to the movie as it started. There wasn't a place he'd rather be, at his friends' sides and simply existing with them.

The movie wasn't anything special, but he enjoyed every second of it anyways.

As it went on, he felt the pull getting stronger. He felt the air being pulled from his lungs, and the weightless feeling of falling was washing over him again. A light flickered above their heads, and got their attention as the movie credits were beginning to roll. The portal was forming, and Izuku could hardly breathe as the quirk tugged on him.

"It-It's starting…!" Izuku cried, feeling his body start to move involuntarily. It felt so sudden, and he couldn't stop the thoughts racing in his head from coming out.

"Izuku! We'll come get you, we promised, remember?" Shouta held onto his hand, and Izuku nodded, but tears were spilling from his eyes anyways.

"I know, b-but please, I don't… I don't want to go!" He sobbed, reaching for his friends as the portal tugged him upwards. "I want to stay here with you!"

“Izuku, you can do this!” Hizashi picked up his backpack from the floor and slung it over Izuku’s shoulder. He was crying too, reaching for his friend’s face. “Remember, it’s not a goodbye! I promise we’ll see you again!”

“I don’t - I don’t want to go, please, I don’t want to go!” Izuku clutched onto Shouta’s hands, but felt the pull become too strong for him to hold on. “Please, please, I don’t want to die, I don’t want to go! Please, please, I don’t-!”

But the quirk didn’t stop. Before he could say anything else, Izuku was gone.

My Time in the Past

Entry #1

Today, I got journals after my appointment with Principal Nedzu. It’s a relief to finally be writing, it felt so weird not to have anything in my hands for so long. I was so nervous, asking to go to a stationary store, but Shouta and Hizashi didn’t mind at all.

Oh, and I also told them I was from the future today! They told me they didn’t care about their timelines, just that they were my friends. It was so much more than I could have hoped for. It’s so strange, calling people my friends. But it’s nice. They’re nothing like Kacchan. I don’t have to be afraid around them, and they actually care about what I have to say. I think I’ve done more talking these past two weeks than I have the entire last year of school.

It’s the good kind of talking, though. I stutter and I mumble still, but they don’t care. They listen anyways. Maybe it bugs them, but they’re too nice to say anything? Either way, the fact that they let me go on like I do is something else. Is this what it’s like for other people? I don’t know, and I don’t care. I’m just happy I can talk to them.

They even held my hands and helped me after my nightmare. Mom used to

do that a long time ago, but I don't remember the last time she did. It felt nice. They were warm. I hope I can hold their hands again.

Entry #5

Today, Hizashi took me to an arcade! It was so much fun! There was so much to see and do, and I couldn't help but want to try everything. He was very patient with me. I played a video game, and Hizashi said I was a natural. I even got the high score! I couldn't believe it when I saw it, but Hizashi picked me up and spun me around like crazy. It was fun and exciting and I'd do it all over again if I could!

Then I showed Hizashi the best way to win at crane games. We won a stuffed rabbit, which I gave to him to keep. I want him to have something to remember me by! But he wanted to give me something, too, so we took a picture together! I'm going to tape it to the inside of the journal so I don't lose my copy. I just need a picture with all three of us next!

And then - I can still feel my hands shaking when I write this, I was so emotional, gosh - Hizashi told me something I never thought I'd hear. He took one look at my analysis notebooks and told me I could be a hero. It was the first time somebody ever told me I could be. He even called All Might - All Might!!!! - an idiot! I admit I cried a lot, but Hizashi didn't seem to mind.

He and Shouta never do mind, which is something I'll always be grateful for. I feel sick for not telling them what's coming. Maybe I should. I'm not sure. I'll think about it some more.

Entry #7

Shouta taught me some basics of self-defense today. It was exhausting but fun. I had no idea a workout could be fun! Apparently when you're doing

it with your friend, it's fun. He got really mad. Not at me, though! He just saw my scars. They're so gross, but he said he was just mad that somebody put them there. It was hard to take, somebody being mad on my behalf. It's never happened before, but it was kind of… nice?

He said he taught me so that I wouldn't have to get any more scars. Apparently, when I had that nightmare, I told them somebody put them there. They know now. It was always my fault, but I don't think they'll see it that way… they're different. I think I can tell them.

But it made me think… well, more like realize something. I don't want to die. When I think about Shouta and Hizashi, I just keep wanting to live. It's almost scarier than it was to jump. I know it's not healthy to be dependent on them so much, but maybe I can do it just for a little while. Maybe I can tell them I jumped.

I think I will tell them. Maybe they'll remember, maybe they won't, but it's worth a shot, I guess. I'll know that no matter what happens, at least for a little while, I had two friends who cared.

Entry #8

Oh god, I told them! I told them I jumped and they said they'd catch me! I could hardly breathe through the end of that talk, and they just hugged me and said they'd catch me I can hardly believe it. I told Principal Nedzu too. Well, Shouta and Hizashi told him for me. I couldn't handle talking about it twice. They're so kind to me.

And you'll never believe what happened after. I still can't believe it myself! Nedzu looked at my journals and said I could be a student at U.A! He wants to tutor me so I can be a hero! He said a teacher would teach me martial arts? I'm not so sure about that last one but! I have a position at U.A in my own time!

Ever since I was a kid and I saw the U.A sports festival and learned it's where All Might went (I don't care about that any more. But it is where Shouta and Hizashi go and that's more important to me anyways) I've always wanted to go to U.A! And now Principal Nedzu himself is offering me a position as a student there?!

I only hope I live up to the teacher's expectations. It was hard enough making friends with Shouta and Hizashi. And oh my god, they're Pro Heroes in the future! I can't believe that I made friends with Eraserhead and Present Mic! I wonder what they'll think of me when they're older… Even if they just catch me and never talk to me again I'd be more than happy to know they valued my time in the past, at the very least.

It'll be sad to go. I like spending time here, being with them now. I wish it was up to me whether or not to go back, but that's not how the quirk works. Even so, I'm grateful for whoever hit me with it. I hope I can figure out who it was and thank them.

Entry #15

Today, I saw the most beautiful thing in the entire world. I got to sit and watch lanterns and fireworks and an entire festival! I ate until I felt like I was going to burst and played all kind of games. I even won a really rare, vintage All Might figure.

My favorite part was the fireworks. It was the first time since childhood that I wasn't afraid of the sound of an explosion. Kacchan could never take fireworks away from me, because Shouta and Hizashi made them theirs. Fireworks are their memory, not his.

But I felt the pull. I'm going back tomorrow. I'm so scared. I don't want to go back. I know they promised to catch me, but I can't help but be afraid. I'll just have to trust them. No matter what happens, they'll always be my friends and I trust them to be there.

I'm so glad I met them. I won't regret anything in my life knowing I have them as friends.

March 10th, 2XXX - Some time around 3 in the afternoon. I'm sorry I can't remember the specific time. The roof of Aldera Jr High school.

See you again soon.

- Izuku

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry, I couldn't hold back my evil writer side while writing this!! Although to be fair I cried writing my own story here so idk what that says about me... lol

Also ik I'm cruel leaving it on a cliffhanger like this but I couldn't help myself. My hands write what they will and I don't control them!

See you all next chapter!
- daylightbreaks

Promise

Chapter Summary

The end!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

15 Years in the Future

"Shouta!" Hizashi shouted down the hallway of the school. He turned a sharp corner into the teacher's lounge, only to see Shouta curled up in the corner in his sleeping bag, angrily slurping down a juice pack. "Shouta, what are you doing in here? One of the other teachers said you left in the middle of class."

"It's *him*." Shouta growled angrily. "Nedzu put *him* in my class."

"What? What are you talking about?" Hizashi rose an eyebrow as he squatted down by his friend. Shouta grumbled profanities under his breath.

" *Bakugou Katsuki*. He was put in my fucking class, 'Zashi." Shouta's hands practically white-knuckled his juice, and Hizashi's mouth pursed into a fine line. "We got our rosters for the next school year, after the entrance exam letters were sent out. *Nedzu* put the guy that beat Izuku until he wanted to die and then told him to into *my fucking class*."

"Shouta… I know it sucks, like, a *lot*, but Nedzu has a plan. He always does. We can't mess with Izuku's timeline, you know that. It's *tomorrow*. One more day, and then we can catch him and give him a better life. We've been working for the last 15 years to make sure he gets one, right? We can't mess it up just to get back at Bakugou, as much as we *both* want to. And trust me, we both definitely want to."

"I know… I know, Zashi, but it's so unfair! We couldn't do a single thing to make his life better! How can we call ourselves Heroes when there's a child being abused that we couldn't do anything about?" Shouta tossed the now empty juice pack into the trashcan with scary precision.

"We *did* do something about it. Izuku stayed with us and we gave him

the ability to trust and see his own self worth. He told us we were the ones who helped him not want to die! If it weren't for us, he would've gone back and never said a word to anybody, and just… let himself fall. Like you said a long time ago, we did all we could then for the Izuku we'll see again." Hizashi murmured, holding Shouta's hands in his. Gold wedding bands glinted in the fluorescent light of the lounge, and Shouta looked at them.

"Do you think he'll be mad that we got married?" He asked, and Hizashi snorted with laughter and shook his head.

"No! If anything, I think he'll be happy for us. He knew we would be adults when he came back, he'd understand. Izuku's a smart kid. You read his journals every other night, you should know! And besides, I think he'd be more interested in seeing how our quirks could work as a duo than the fact that we're married." Hizashi said, his tone light. Shouta seemed to relax his whole body as he sighed, finally calming down.

"I guess you're right. You usually are. I should get back to class… those damn kids are always problems. I had to expel half of them the first month. At least the upcoming batch looks promising, aside from… ugh." Shouta grumbled. "Still leaves a bad taste in my mouth. I can't believe if we'd never met Izuku, *he* would've just been allowed into U.A and Izuku would never have joined. Something is very wrong there."

"Yeah, Aldera Jr. High is wrong for falsifying their records! Nedzu's got a plan for them too. So come on, let's get back to class. We'll be there tomorrow, Shouta. We've got him."

Nedzu looked at the stack of papers in his office, along with a set of thin journals and a photograph of Izuku from his school pictures. He looked like he was ready to bolt, more terrified than happy as he smiled. What kind of school made their students terrified just to take pictures? He was so ready to tear Aldera Jr. High from the ground up for negligence and falsifying reports and a boatload of other charges. Just one more day.

"Principal Nedzu?" A knock came to his office door.

“Come in, come in!” He smiled widely as Nemuri entered his office. The tall woman smiled back at him and took a seat across from his desk.

“What can I do for you, sir?” She asked, crossing her legs. “It’s kind of a surprise for you to call me in here so suddenly.”

“Oh, don’t worry. I have something I’d appreciate your help with. Do you see this boy?” He pushed the photo of Izuku across the desk to her, and her face lit up with recognition.

“Yeah! That’s the kid from the photo on Shouta’s desk! Who is he?” She asked, leaning forward curiously. Nemuri was dying to know just who Shouta’s other high school friend was. Nedzu chuckled a little.

“He’s a rather curious case we’ve been observing for a while. I’ll let Aizawa-san and Yamada-san tell you the entire story if they wish, he is their friend after all. The problem is that tomorrow, he will… ah, how do I put this gently… he will attempt to end his own life. We’ve already taken precautions and he will not be hurt, of course, but he might be in a rather fragile state when we go to retrieve him. He might have a panic attack or otherwise lash out, and I think it would be useful if you could be there, simply in case of emergency.” Nedzu explained.

“Um… how do you know he’s going to? I don’t mind helping you, sir, I’m just a little confused. If he’s told you already, shouldn’t you just get him help now, *before* he hurts himself?” She asked, “and besides, he’s our age now, right? Why would he contact the Principal of a high school for help, anyways?”

“That is the part of the story that is not mine to tell, unfortunately. All I can say is that he is not our age, he is a 15-year-old boy, and due to circumstances out of our control, he cannot be helped until after he makes the attempt. Shouta and Hizashi can explain the situation to you if you wish, but do not force them. All I’m asking is that you be there in case he panics.” Nedzu said firmly, a tone of voice that said he wouldn’t take an argument.

“Alright, if you say so, sir. I’ll be here tomorrow whenever you need me.”

"-want to go…!" Izuku felt like he had been pulled into nothingness.

After the blinding brightness, there was just the murky, black void. He floated, almost peacefully. Izuku remembered this place. It was where he went after he jumped. The person who sent him to the past made this space. The peaceful, quiet floating helped to calm him down from his panic attack as he'd been sucked into the portal. He was a little mad at himself. He had said he didn't want to get emotional, and yet he had to go and say those things as he was leaving…

He supposed it didn't matter, now.

"Hello?" He called out, finding it in him to speak this time. His voice was muffled, almost like he was underwater. It *did* feel like he was floating, so he supposed it made sense. "Are you there? The person that used the quirk on me?"

Oh, you're back! The voice came again, pleasantly surprised. *Looks like your month or two is up, huh? I hope you found somebody to catch you! I really, really don't want to watch you die after all this, you know!*

"I found friends!" Izuku said, with renewed confidence. "They promised to be there! Even though it's been 15 years, they promised… I trust them!"

15 years?! Holy cow, how far back did I send you?! Well, whatever the case, if you think they've got you… that's good. I told you, you didn't deserve to die.

"It was just hard to believe… but they made me believe. I have something better waiting for me when I get back, now! I can… I can work towards my dreams because of them." Izuku smiled, eyes watery though no tears came this time.

Ah, that's wonderful! I'm very happy for you.

"Thank you for sending me to the past. I can't ever thank you enough. Can I… can I meet you, after this is over? I want to thank you properly, in person." Izuku asked, looking around as if there would be a person in front of him.

Huh? Meet me? Sure, kid, I guess so! I was just passing by, but I'll stick around to say hi, if it'll make you feel better. Fate works in mysterious ways. I'm glad I could be there for you. And you're welcome, by the way! I don't know what heartless asshole could just watch a kid jump off of a roof and never do anything about it.

“Aha… you’d be surprised…” Izuku muttered. “But in all seriousness, thank you. I think I’m ready to go back, now. I’m less scared than I was before.”

Right, I’ll open the portal for you. But listen, you’re going to be conscious this time. You might want to close your eyes, okay?

Izuku nodded and squeezed his eyes shut as tight as he could. Even with his eyes closed he could feel the blinding brightness and warmth of the portal opening up again. He felt the air rushing forward, and the voice called out.

Good luck with your friends!

Then, Izuku fell. All of his muscles tensed and he yelled out, plummeting back towards the ground like he had a month ago. He kept yelling as he opened his eyes anyways, despite the voice telling him not to. He watched the school building rush past him. As he was falling, he felt something grab him by the torso and gently slow him to a stop.

Just before he touched the ground, two pairs of arms wrapped snugly around him.

“Izuku!” Two voices cried as they hugged him close. They sounded so familiar, they had to be… he couldn’t believe it. Izuku broke down in tears again.

“Shouta! Hizashi!” He wailed, unashamed to be crying, this time. He didn’t die. They caught him. They promised, and they kept it.

“We’ve got you, Izuku, we’re here.” Hizashi’s voice, this time.

“We promised, remember? We promised. No way we’d let you fall.” Shouta’s voice. They both sounded older, but still the same as he remembered them. So kind, so gentle.

“I-I was so scared! I felt the falling, a-and you weren’t there anymore, and I…!” He sobbed and tried to get the words out. He felt Shouta’s familiar hand - a bit bigger, now - gently run through his hair like he did the first time they met.

“Shh, it’s okay. We’ve got you now. We won’t let you hurt any more.” Hizashi reassured. Izuku’s crying tapered off into hiccups and sniffles as he held onto his friends. He finally got a good look at them, now that his eyes weren’t full of tears.

Shouta was a little taller, with scruff on his chin and longer hair. He wore a scarf-like thing around his neck, which he realized was what caught him. It had been positioned in such a way as to slow his stop instead of making it sudden. Hizashi had gotten a *lot* taller, and his hair was a *lot* longer. They were still his friends, though, and they had caught him.

“Th-Th… thank you…” Izuku finally managed to get out, voice now hoarse from yelling and crying. Hizashi smiled that beaming grin at him, though he had tears in his eyes as well.

“We told you before, didn’t we? We wouldn’t forget. We could never forget you.” Shouta said, his own voice on the verge of tears. As Eraserhead, he hadn’t cried in a long time - but here, with a friend he’d promised to save many years ago, he felt like he could.

“We missed you, Izuku. We missed you so, so much.”

“Ah, Principal Nedzu! To what do I owe the honor?” A round, portly man smiled ear-to-ear, walking the halls of Aldera Jr. High with the Principal of U.A.

“Well, you see, I have a student I wish to remove from your care, and teachers who would do well to have their licenses revoked. Perhaps you might wish to step down from your own position as Principal, wouldn’t you agree?”

“I… Excuse me?”

A police officer knocked on an apartment door. It opened up to a blonde woman with sharp, red eyes. She sighed and leaned against the door frame.

“Can I help you?” she drawled, waiting for a response. The officer looked at her for just a moment, then nodded.

“Yes. You are Bakugou Mitsuki, correct? Is your son home?” he asked,

and the woman stood a little straighter. She looked almost surprised, but nodded back and turned into the apartment to yell for her son. The boy stalked forward, fists curling in his pockets.

“Hah? What do you want?” He asked, much in the same tone as his mother. The officer sighed. He could tell this wasn’t going to be easy.

“We’ll have to ask you to come with us. We have a few questions for you regarding illegal quirk usage, repeated assault, and instigating an attempted suicide.” He said firmly, and the kid looked about ready to explode.

“FUCKING WHAT?!”

Izuku stood up, bright and proud in a brand new U.A uniform. He shined his shoes and straightened his tie (not that he really knew how to properly tie one), and even fixed up his backpack. A knock came on his front door, and he jumped a little in surprise. His mother smiled and put a hand on his shoulder.

“I’m sorry I haven’t been there for you, sweetheart. But I know you’ll do great… maybe you’ll let me make it up to you some time? I can make katsudon.” Inko’s smile was tired, but he could tell she was trying. “I want to be better for you, Izuku. I hope you’ll let me try.”

“Of course, mom, it’s all I could ask for!” Izuku beamed, leaning in for a hug. “All I ever wanted was to sit and have dinner with you like a family again. I’m happy you want to try.”

“Well, go ahead and get the door, then!” Inko gestured to the door, and Izuku let her go so he could open the door. There was Hizashi, in casual attire, with Shouta standing behind him.

“Shouta! Hizashi!” Izuku laughed, “What are you both doing here?!”

“Well, we got special permission from Nedzu to walk you to school for today. We can’t do it all the time, but we figured we’d do it for your first day at U.A! It’s spring break for us, but it’s your first lessons with Nedzu!” Hizashi patted Izuku on the shoulder. “It’s still *your* first day, you know? That stuff’s important!”

“Izuku, your tie’s a mess.” Shouta huffed, coming forward to fix it for him. After a few moments it was neat again. “You tie it like this. See?”

“Thank you, I’m still a little new to all of this… but I’m so thankful I get to spend my first day with you both. If it weren’t for you both… Well, I don’t know what I’d do.” Izuku smiled, a little faltering, but then he looked at both of his friends. “You gave me a chance to live again, and I don’t know how I’d ever repay you…! I’m so glad that I have you as friends…”

Shouta ruffled Izuku’s hair.

“You don’t have to repay us, Izuku. That’s what friends are for.”

END

Chapter End Notes

Oh my goshhh, thank you guys for supporting me while I wrote this fic!!! I hope you like the ending, I'm like really bad with endings normally aaa ;w;

If you'd like to keep reading more stuff from me, i just posted the first chapter of a new BNHA fic i'm working on called psychopomp!

This fic was so much fun to write, and I may do a sequel in the future, so look forward to that & follow me if you're interested!

See you all again soon!
- daylightbreaks

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!